

Zion's Herald.

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THE HOLIDAY OF THE WORLD.—To-night and to-morrow all the Christian world keep holiday. The Babe of Bethlehem, that eternally "unique incarnation of the Godhead," already holds the hearts of all civilized men in his grasp. Despite contrary creeds, and the haughty assumptions of frail and sinful men who fancy they can escape his influence and elevate themselves above it, the Divine Name towers higher and higher. The star in the East, unseen by multitudes before whom it shined, has become the sun in the heavens whose presence no eye can deny, though they may profanely declare it not to be the only Sun of righteousness, the only Sun of salvation. But while the Christ day is thus universally recognized, the Christ life is far from being as universally diffused. Not in its unconscious influence. Unawares all men worship him. The very men who set themselves above him date all the private letters to each other which they arrange to degrade him, and all the documents by which they hold their property, from the time of his birth. They breathe an atmosphere clarified by his coming. They dwell in a society that is elevated by his long indwelling. They have homes, arts, knowledge, every thing agreeable and comfortable, solely as his gift. As the sun lighteth every man that cometh into the world, so this divine Sun is the light that fills the whole social, civil, intellectual, moral atmosphere. They may refuse to look upon the sun, they cannot escape the blessed influence of its beams.

But the question for each of us is not how others treat our Lord and Saviour and theirs, but how do we treat him. Are you accepting Christ in your soul? Is he born into your heart in that heavenly disposition that changed nature, that uplift of the soul into the graces of a godly life? The sun's rays have fallen in vain for thousands of years on the central ocean or the peaks of the mountains. In vain, so far as their germinating and responsive power may go, they have crumbled the hills; they have pressed the snowy caps adown their sides; they have drawn the surface of the seas to the clouds, and by carrying snow and rock and wave far from their original home, and depositing them upon the low lying plains, have educated from them congenial smiles, the mirror of the rays of the sun in lustrous flower and glittering fruit. But over themselves he hath no power. The ocean wave is as unharvestable to-day as when Homer gave it that epithet. Mont Blanc is as lifeless as when the eyes of the Swiss hutmen, whose habitations some place before the flood and some before Adam, first gazed upon it. Is your soul such a reflector of the glory and grace of Christ Jesus? Are you an icy peak, a barren salt sea wave, which God can only make useful in your destruction? Or are you the sweet low lying meadow, where his smile fondly lingers, and whence he draws warm and fruitful responses of love? How sweet is that estate. Like Mary, bend over this holy child Jesus. Like the angels sing over his divine incarnation. Like the shepherds fall wondering at his feet. Like the wise men cast your gifts, all you have and are and can be, into his lap. Like Simeon take him into

your trembling, rejoicing arms, and let him fill your soul with ineffable peace.

On this day of universal jubilee, this high holiday in earth and heaven, among men and angels, ask yourselves if you have done what you could in honor of his name. Are you feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, are you visiting the sick and the prisoners; are you breaking every bond from every neck, every yoke of sinful pride from your own soul? Are you truly and completely His? "Not every one that saith unto me, 'Lord, Lord,' shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." Are you doing that will?

Publicans and harlots, infidels and apostates may enter heaven before the professed disciple. If you are mean, lustful, intemperate, hating your neighbor, despising your brother because of God-given complexion, then shall God as certainly hate and reject you, however abundant your protestations and long your prayers, while the harlot that welcomes and believes the Lord in all his fullness, and the infidel that accepts and obeys Christ in all these claims, may grow into that faith in him which shall secure for themselves admission to his society forever. May this be the day of searching and of surrendering to every believer's heart. Let the minister of Christ try himself, what manner of spirit he is of, the member of His church, if he be truly his disciple, the highest officials if they actually kept the trust committed to them, and each soul, if we give Him that which He claims, the whole heart, lip, and life. So may it be a birthday of higher love, holiness, consecration and zeal. So may it hasten forward that long looked for, long longed for day, the day of His complete and universal triumph, the holiday of heaven and eternity.

WOMAN IN THE ENGLISH ELECTION.—*The Watchman* (London), gives two columns of incidents on the great election; some of them are novel to Americans. Thus it describes the general fever and its invasion of the sex:

It is a strange sight (says *The Church Times*), this proverbial English stolidity, thrown for a few days into the convulsions of frantic excitement. From the highest to the lowest, all are, or seem to be, under the uncontrolled domination of an universal master passion. The keenest intellect and the profoundest stupidity for the time bow to the same wind. The piece of land must for once go unvisited, the yoke of oxen unproved, the wife must sit at home and wait for her Lord. The slatternly country girl (we heard it ourselves a day or two ago) will challenge the ploughman, as he sits awkwardly astride on his carthorse, with, "Tommy, be ye going to vote for the Irish Church?" "What be he for?" says the ploughman. "Be ye going to vote for a new parson?" exclaims the girl. "I don't care none for it, you may vote for it if you like," is the uncouth reply. "I mean to vote for him, I do," concluded the would-be Miss Becker.

The Woman Question got further than this talk of the peasants:

At Ashford, in East Kent, the names of thirty-five women were on the register, but the chairman of the Liberal and Conservative committees had issued a joint circular requesting them not to vote. Several of the ladies, not approving of this, went to the poll and recorded their votes. In Finsbury more than fifteen ladies registered their votes, whilst perfect order prevailed.

At Finsbury, which is a part of London town, they even got "a little ahead" of the men, as this incident testifieth:

A woman's rights register put the names of several women on the voting list, and among others, the wife of an Irish cattle man. At the election, the pie-man coming up to vote, was told that his wife, and not he, had the franchise; and that he should have looked at the voting list on the church door. The indignant husband replied, "I've no time to look at church doors; I've got to look at the bake'us!"

But the wave rose even higher. Not only did they go in the place of their husbands, but they carried elections. Mr. Bernal Osborne, one of the brightest of the Parliamentary geniuses, acknowledged that he was beaten by women. At the close of the polls this curious confession and scene transpired:

I say that in Col. Wright you have a good man. [Cheers.] I do not know that if he had other principles, you could have a better man. I don't like his principles, but he has something about him that I do like. I like his wife. [Roars of laughter, amid which the speaker shook hands with Mrs. Wright.] From the moment when I saw two of the handsomest, two of the best, two of the most winning women in Great Britain enter into this contest, in the shape of Lady Clifton—[cheers]—and Mrs. Wright, I wrote to my wife and said, "It is all U. P. with me." [Great laughter.]

What with the milkmaids putting up their lovers,

the women of London and the country voting despite the petition of both parties, and the pie-man's wife being preferred before him, and the most popular of the wits of Parliament beaten by the good looks and powerful arts of two ladies, the Woman's Question made a greater headway in England in the last election than it did in America.

The Revolution quotes an extract from *THE HERALD*, which suggests that that journal is loading up with "free love, skepticism and anti-churchism," and calls it, very prettily and wittily, "reverend falsifying," and thinks ministers can "vend the rousing whiff" better than any other class. So they can, if they go into that business. For a fallen minister can sink lower than even a fallen woman, as is seen in *The Revolution* itself, its once clerical editor far surpassing in his blasphemy even the female contributor who laughs at baby nursing. But our charge is affirmed by the very number that contains it, which has a long article commending the filthiest free-love brothel in America, that of the Oneida Community. The late letters of George Francis Train have been terribly profane. In them he puts himself above Jesus Christ. *The Radical*, whose editor sagely says "the church is played out," is approved as regularly as it appears. We repeat, therefore, that this reform is being loaded with free love, skepticism and anti-churchism. They are put on board *The Revolution*. We regret its course, but rejoice that its errors cannot prevent the success of the truth. *THE HERALD* advocated woman suffrage before *The Revolution* was born. It will approve it as a success probably after the latter has whirled into nothingness again. We have always given this journal a complimentary word for the cause which it was started professedly to favor. But we shall not cease to rebuke it for its errors, with which it is burdening and embarrassing a work of righteousness.

THE BRITISH PROTESTANT CHURCH.—A Wesleyan minister, Rev. G. F. Urling, proposes in *The Recorder* that the Wesleyans take the title of the British Protestant Church, and advises in order to get ready for this change that

A circular be sent to the trustees of all the principal London chapels, explaining the reasons for the proposed change, and suggesting the experiment of placing a board in front of each chapel with the words, "Wesleyan, or British Protestant Church," so that at the next Conference the word "Wesleyan" may be taken out, and the words "British Protestant Church" allowed to remain, or the board itself entirely removed, as the Conference may determine.

He also recommends that the venerable Thomas Jackson nail this board on the front of City Road Chapel; adding these lines to his proposal:

"So faithful Luther scorned the Roman power,
And nail'd his theses to the sacred door."

The Wesleyans should have a grand procession when that event comes off. Mr. Jackson should be preceded by the ragged schools, day schools, Sunday Schools, members and ministers, singers and players on instruments, with all the mighty men of the church. Better make their true name universal, the Methodist Church, which is nearer their legal title than the Wesleyan.

THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT having suppressed Crete, are turning their forces upon Greece. They have shut one of her war vessels up in Syria, not far from Athens, and are making demands on that government which may reduce her again to almost her former dependency. They also strike at Russia, and even charge Rev. Mr. Flocken, our missionary in Bulgaria, formerly of this city, with circulating Russian documents to create disturbance. We doubt its truth, and believe the whole plan is part of the scheme of England and France for the farther humiliation of Russia, whose onward march to the Indies is feared more than the Mussulman faith and barbarous civilization.

VERY BROAD, AND VERY TRUE.—At a meeting of the Suffolk Unitarian Association, last Sabbath evening, in the Music Hall, Rev. Mr. Winkley remarked that their platform was broader than even the Unitarianism which some one has defined to be, "Deny the Trinity, and believe in what you please."

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

Composed by John Milton, *Et. 21.*

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid, and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.
That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinit' Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.
Say, heavenly muse, shall not thy sacred vail
Adorn a present to the infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To wel come him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?
See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Haste thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out his secret altar touch'd with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN.

It was the winter wild,
While the Heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.
Only with speeches fair
She woo'd the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw,
Confound'd, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.
No war or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood,
Ungain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spoke not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign Lord was by.
But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.
The stars with deep amazement
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light.
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.
And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame.
The new enlightened world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.
The shepherd on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then,
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.
When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.
At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shame-faced night array'd;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes to Heaven's new-born Heir.
Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.
Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
(If ye have power to touch our senses so,)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.
For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold,
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould,
And hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.
Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,

With radiant feet the thinned clouds down steering,
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.
But wisest Fate says, No,
This must not yet be so,
The babe lies yet in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss;
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first to those yeha'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the deep
With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smoldering clouds outbrake:
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.
And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect be,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon, underground
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wroth to see his kingdom fall,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.
The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arch'd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.
The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.
Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice better'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sit not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.
And sullen Moloch fled,
Hath left in shadows drear
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.
They feel from Judah's land
The dreaded Infant's hand,
The rays of Beth-hem blind his dusky eye;
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snakey twine;
Our Babe to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.
So when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave,
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.
But see the virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest,
Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest teem'd star
Hath fix'd her polish'd ear,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending:
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

A HAND-SHAKE FROM BROOKLYN.

BY REV. T. L. CUTLER.

Brooklyn, Dec. 10, 1868.

Accept my cordial good wishes, my dear Haven, for yourself and your swift-footed, clear-voiced HERALD at the opening of another year. May it be "still more abundant" than the last, both in liberal subscriptions from your friends, and in wholesome abuse from the foes of earnest evangelic truth! The vigorous assaults of the enemies of the truth are the highest tribute which they can pay to your courage and fidelity. A stiff head-wind, engineers tell us, always fans the flames in the steamer's furnace. So God send you plenty of head-wind as well as headway during the coming year.

In a late number of THE HERALD, you mentioned among your "Motes" that the attempt to re-unite the Old and New School branches of the Presbyterian Church had failed, and that "the body of Christ was still divided." Let me "pluck this mote out of thine eye." The presbyteries of both branches had a plan of re-union submitted to them this year from a Joint Committee of both General Assemblies. Thus far, the New School Presbyterian (who have voted on the question) have unanimously approved the plan. Of the Old School Presbyterian, about one third have voted to accept the Joint Committee's plan as the basis of re-union; but nearly two thirds have voted to reject this particular basis, and to re-unite with the New School on the simple basis of the "standards of the church," viz., the Westminster Confession of Faith. All these presbyteries are cordially for re-union. Against union on any terms stand two little presbyteries—one in California, and the other in poor benighted, be-fogged and bamboozled Kentucky, where both in

politics and religion, "neither sun, or stars for many days have appeared." The prospect is now that when the two General Assemblies of the two branches meet in next May (both in New York city), a re-union will be effected with great unanimity. *Laus Deo!* or in good Methodist phrase, *glory to God!* It is time that that wretched and useless old sore was healed. The next great consolidation in order will be that of the northern and southern branches of the Methodist brotherhood—and what a colossal church you will be! When we both get our rents repaired, I would like, for one, to see a joint jubilee held—a grand love feast among the brethren of the two great influential denominations who have been drawing nearer and nearer to each other for several years past. What great question is at issue between us to-day? Any vital controversies about the sovereignty of God? Pshaw! it is a mere pith-paper wall. I have preached scores of times in your pulpits, and I never heard a whisper of dissent from Methodist minister or layman, although I delivered the identical sermons which I had preached to my own Presbyterian flock.

By the way, I was very happy lately to exchange pulpits with our friend, the poet-preacher, George Lansing Taylor. It was on the occasion of his raising funds for the erection of a tasteful new edifice for his congregation, on Clermont Avenue. That beloved disciple Bishop James (who in appearance and manners always reminds me of the late Dr. James W. Alexander), sat in the pulpit with me. He had given the people in the morning one of his characteristic sermons on "being not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." Verily, I am afraid that the gospel of Christ has more reason to be ashamed of us who fail so often to attain unto its mighty and magnificent inspirations. The thought sometimes steals into my mind—perhaps too into yours—I fear that I love to preach Christ more than I love the Christ I preach! But when the Master does come in and take the heart's throne, and does kindle the heavenly flame, and does anoint the lips with grace, what a luxury it is to unfold the "faithful saying that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners!" Then the pulpit is lifted to a level with an archangel's throne. Then the weakest and humblest of us becomes a "joint-heir" with Him whose meat it was to do the Father's will, and whose glory it was to be "as one who serveth."

Every day I become more persuaded that preaching the gospel is not an "improvable" art. There have been vast improvements in physical science and art—for example in gunnery. But I doubt whether in spiritual gunnery, any man has improved on Whitfield, Wesley, Hall, Chalmers and Summerfield, either in range, or directness of aim, or in weight of projectiles. Even Henry Ward Beecher's splendid genius has failed to discover a "better way" than those men had in the past generation. Our genial and noble-hearted brother B.—just called to Chicago—has fairly tried in this city a "new-fashioned" style of preaching; but there are men of not half his talent who have won more souls to the Master. In modes of preaching "the old is better." The old simple, pungent direct method of preaching the glorious doctrines of grace, and of expounding the word of God has not been improved upon in our day, nor is it likely to be while the Bible and human nature remain unchanged. New errors are coming up; but they must be fought with the old weapons, and Paul's ancient "sword of the Spirit" is not to be flung into the garret on an obsolete instrument, even by an age of telegraphs, iron-clads, Parkers or Emersons. Boston itself is not higher than *Mars' Hill*.

This reminds me of a keen retort made by an orthodox lady to a Unitarian friend from your city who was "making game" of a sermon on Regeneration. "I don't wonder," said the lady "that you Bostonians despise this doctrine, for why should anybody who was born in Boston ever care to be born again?"

Permit me to thank you for the sturdy fight you are making against the current errors of the day, and to congratulate you on the triumph of "Prohibition" in the Commonwealth of Sam. Adams, and Henry Wilson.

THE FIRST PROHIBITORY LAW.

BY REV. DR. COGGESHALL.

From the following extracts from the proceedings of the General Court of Massachusetts, of Nov. 20, 1837, it will appear that the unbearable evils of the liquor traffic, and the consequent drunkenness arising out of it; the reasonings of sober men upon these things, and a prohibitory law based thereon, are no new things in this State. Is it not a 'act that we are only threshing over the old straw, which was so well beaten out by the flails of our ancestors 250 years ago? And after the terrible experience of more than two additional

centuries, are we any nearer the practical solution of this vexed and formidable question than they?

"Whereas it hath appeared unto this court, upon many sad complaints, that much drunkenness, waste of the good creatures of God, mispence of precious time, and other disorders have frequently fallen out in the inns and common victualing houses within this jurisdiction, whereby God is much dishonored, the profession of religion reproached, and the welfare of this Commonwealth greatly impaired, and the true use of such houses (being the necessary relief of travelers), subverted, for redress hereof, it is now ordered that after the last day of this present month, it shall not be lawful for any person that shall keep any such inn, or common victualing house, to sell, or to have in their houses any wine, or strong waters, nor any beere, or other drink, other than such as may be sold for 1 penny the quart; at the most; and for this end, none of those persons (other than in such towns, as for the want of a common brewer, shall be allowed by this Court, or by the Court of Assistants, or by two of the Council), shall brew any beere to sell, but shall take the same of some common brewer, upon pain, to forfeit for every offense against this order £10. And it is further ordered that no such common brewer shall sell, or utter to any inn or common victualing house, within this jurisdiction, any beere, or any other drink, of any stronger size, than such as may, and shall be afforded at the rate of 8 shillings the barrell, upon pain of £20, for every offense against this order."

"And it is further ordered, that no single man, or other person inhabiting in this jurisdiction, shall lodge, or remain in any such common victualing house longer than for their necessary occasions, upon pain of 20 shillings for every offense, both for the keeper and the person there abiding, contrary to this order."

"And for the better discovery and punishing of said offenses, it is ordered that the constables of every town shall make diligent search and inquiry of all the said offenses, and present the same to the next court; and for this end they shall be charged therewith in their oaths."—*Mass. Colonial Records, Vol. I., pp. 213-4.*

THE BAR OR THE PULPIT.

"What book is that, my son," asked a middle-aged lady, as she stepped out on the verandah of a Southern home, and took a seat by a slender young man who was poring intently over a large, clumsy volume bound in law calf.

"It is a volume of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England. Would you like to read it, dear mother?" was the smiling reply.

"No, no, keep it. But why are you so interested in that book? Have you resolved to study law?"

As the mother asked this question, another lady reached out of an adjoining window, and replied for the young man: "Yes; since Richard came to Alabama, he has caught the fever that most of our young men are affected with, once in a lifetime at least, and means to become a politician. He made a speech a few weeks ago at a temperance barbecue, which was very well indeed for a youngster fresh from college; but some of our boys and girls, particularly the last, applauded it so highly that he actually fancies he is an orator, and may yet electrify the Congress of the United States with his eloquence; so he studies the law as the surest means of making his dreams a reality."

"Now, now, aunt; you always did ridicule my plans. Never mind; I'll make you laugh for pleasure some of these days. But, mother dear, it is true; since coming to the South, I have decided on the law as a profession."

"But during your college life you had the ministry in view. You certainly cannot think the profession of a Blackstone preferable to the calling of a Paul?"

"No; but you know college life was not favorable to religion, and I wandered far from my Saviour. I sought father's and your consent to come to Alabama after graduating, because the associations of home reminded me too much of my former state and present unhappy condition."

"I have feared that, my dear boy," said the mother, with a tremulous voice, "and I have blamed myself for not manifesting a deeper interest in your spiritual welfare, both while in college and after your return home. But I was proud of your talents, and acted as though I forgot that your success in the high calling you had marked out for yourself depended as much upon living piety as upon talents."

The young man laid aside his book and wept as his mother spoke. His past life came up like a panorama before him. He saw that mother and himself, then a small boy, bowing together in her chamber, as she poured forth her soul to God that he might be brought early to Christ. He recalled the scenes of that revival-meeting when, bowed beneath the weight of conviction, he tottered up the crowded aisle to manifest his desire for salvation. Then came the agonizing struggle with his stubborn will, followed by the joy of submission. He remembered that mother's tears of happiness as she clasped him in her arms on learning his hope of pardon, and her exhortation to think prayerfully of the ministry. The scenes of his college course passed before his memory—first, his zeal and devotion; then, his ardor cooling, his gradual withdrawing from association with religious students, plunging into the gaieties of the world, and final confirmed backsliding.

"It may not be," he said bitterly. "My religious friends have lost confidence in me. In fact, I have no confidence in myself. And God, I know, is angry with me. I can never be as I once was. Aunt spoke the truth. Ambition has taken possession of my heart, for has left God it."

His aunt, who had come out on the verandah while he was speaking, threw her arms around him and said,

"Pardon my rallery, Dick. It was ill-timed. Cheer up, too. You ought to know that there is ever forgiveness with God. It was only the morning before your dear parents came to visit us that we read at family worship those words of the apostle, 'Where sin abounded grace did much more abound.' You repeated the words over and over again. Surely you have not forgotten their glorious truth."

The young man could not reply. It was true; that passage had struck him with unusual force, and he took the words as it were out of his uncle's mouth, repeating them, as one often passes the hand over an aching brow, with the hope of at least temporary relief. But the joy of his parents' arrival, which was not expected, and important cares, had temporarily checked the rising feeling of penitence and hope.

During this scene the mother had remained silent; but her mind and heart were busy. She saw that her fears were but truly founded. She also saw with pain that she had greatly erred in permitting her son's religious life to swing clear of her influence. But with the humble confidence of an experienced Christian she turned to him, drawing his head to her side, and passing her hands through his hair in the familiar way of yore, she sweetly said:

"Your aunt speaks truly, my dear boy. There is hope for the penitent backslider. Even he who denied his Lord with oaths was received into favor, and had a glorious work committed to his charge. I have faith to believe that God has great things in store for you yet."

Richard retired to his room. His aunt's exhortation, but above all his mother's striking words, produced their desired effect. He threw aside his Blackstone. He returned to his Bible. Not many years passed, and that mother slept in Jesus; but her words lived in the son's heart; and when he stood up before the council that examined him for ordination, the widowed father, who was present, heard him say: "My hopes of becoming a minister of Jesus were revived by the words of my sainted mother: 'I have faith to believe that God has great things in store for you yet.'"

His subsequent career showed that the mother's faith was not a phantom.—*The American Messenger.*

ROOM IN HEAVEN.

Rev. xxi. 16. "And the city lieth foursquare, and the length is as large as the breadth; and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal."

There are some who never think of heaven. In their mind a thought of the better country would starve for very loneliness. Others think of it occasionally, when the voice of sweet music steals upon their ear, or Providence or the preacher lifts them above earth. But when they do think of it, how poor and meagre their thoughts; to them it is a narrow circumscribed spot in the universe, a small place just large enough for their church, but too small to admit within its pearly enclosure, even the good beyond their communion. Such were not the views entertained by John when, on the lonely Isle, he saw, in grand panoramic view, the heavenly city.

John was in the Spirit on the mountain of holy contemplation, and he had a delightful conversation with one of the royal surveyors of the heavenly country. He says, verse 15, "And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the walls thereof." The idea he gives us, is, that there was solidity, firmness, durability, and strength, all combined with indescribable beauty, surpassing grandeur and infinite glory.

The city, as he saw it, was in the form of a magnificent cube, of vast dimensions. The surveyor had the golden reed, and he measured the city in the presence of his visitor. It was 1,200 furlongs (stadu) long, and 1,200 furlongs broad and 1,200 furlongs high. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.

Here is absolute uniformity, a thing long talked of and prayed for, but something not to be realized on this side the heavenly home.

In this cubic form the new Jerusalem recalled somewhat the form of the far-famed old Jerusalem, on its escarpment above the valley of the Kedron.

In this view of the great city we are quite in harmony with the rabbinical books.

We take the passage as it reads, "1,200 furlongs," which when reduced to feet and cubed, is 948,938,000,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. The half of which we reserve for the throne of glory and the heavenly court. Half of the remainder I reserve for the angel's thrones, dominions, principalities, and powers. Half of the remainder I reserve for celestial gardens of heavenly fruits and flowers. Half of the remainder for shady bowers and lovely parks. Half of the remainder for the golden streets and walks, and the remainder, or one thirty-second of the whole, I divide into rooms of (20) twenty feet square, and ten feet high, of rooms we have 7,413,578,125,000,000,000,000.

Then I suppose that this world was populated as at present with say 900,000,000 of human beings, and that three generations passed away every hundred years, that is allowing 33 1-2 years for each generation, and that at the close of the seventh thousandth year, the trumpeter of heaven would proclaim that "time would be no longer," and that earth's population would all be brought home to the city of God.

I also suppose that in the universe of our Father there are (800,000) eight hundred thousand worlds like ours existing under the same circumstances, and for the same term of years as ours; each having the same number of inhabitants as our own, and each inhabitant obedient to the universal *come*.

Take all these multitudes of human or created beings, and the heavenly home the angel measured for John and for us, dear reader, would afford (49) forty-

nine such rooms as are measured above for each inhabitant of all the 800,000 worlds, and leave more than four millions of cubit feet yet unsurveyed. "And yet there is room." O how true it is that in "my Father's house there are many mansions."—*Guide to Holiness.*

BUNYAN ON CLOSE COMMUNION.

"A Reason for my Practice in Worship," is the title given by Bunyan to a short treatise of his, in which he gives the reasons why he could hold church communion with visible saints, though they had not been baptized by immersion. He could do it.

1. Because the true visible saint hath already subjected to that which is better even to the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, by which he stands just before God; and hath made the most exact rule under heaven that whereby he squares his life before men.

2. One Spirit, hope, Lord, faith, baptism (not of water; for by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body), one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, is a sufficient rule for us to hold communion by.

3. Because they hold to the doctrine of baptism—the doctrine being that by which the outward sign is presented to us.

4. Because God hath communion with them, whose example we are straightly commanded to follow: "Receive ye one another, as Christ hath received you, to the glory of God."

5. Because a failure in such a circumstance as water, doth not unchristian us.

6. Because the edification of souls in the faith and holiness of the gospel, is of greater concernment than an agreement in outward things.

7. Because love, which above all things we are commanded to put on, is of much more worth than to break about baptism.

8. Because for God's people to divide into parties, or to shut each from church communion, though from greater points, and upon higher pretences, than this of water-baptism hath heretofore been counted carnal, and the actors babish Christians.

9. Because by rejecting visible saints we take from them, as much as in us lieth, their very privilege and the blessings to which they are born of God.

10. What greater contempt can be thrown upon the saints, than for these brethren to cast them off, or to debar them from church communion?

Each of these points is ably argued, and abundantly fortified by Scripture.

Bunyan suffered greatly for this work. He had been "assaulted for more than sixteen years by the brethren of the baptized way," and called a "Machiavelian, a man devilish, proud, insolent, presumptuous, and the like"—before he "set pen to paper." In reply to his assailants. His reply is extended, and exceedingly able, but written with a temper and meekness truly wonderful for those rough and angry times. He is plain, and thoroughly detects and exposes evasions, and tells his opponent, "here you unhandsonely straddle over my argument," but his equanimity is truly remarkable, and his spirit that of a Christian.

CHRIST EVERYWHERE.

Christ at the counting desk, as you meet that trembling debtor whom you are about to deliver over to the dogs of the law, to say to you, forgive seventy times seven.

Christ at the pen, to indite that article to turn that brilliant sentiment to his glory.

Christ at the fireside, to give example to childhood of the walk and conversation that befits you.

Christ in the pulpit, instead of self, the sophistry of your own sermon, or the seductions of your own rhetoric.

Christ in the pew, to practice what you hear, and to take all to yourself.

Christ on Monday morning, giving light and love to your countenance, and causing your face to shine in gladness.

Christ at the bedside, to point the sufferer to him who suffered for all.

Christ at the mast head, to bear his life and teachings, when out of sight of men, and unto all climes and nations.

Christ in the dungeon, to justify, solace and save from crime, and restore to citizenship again.

Christ with the lost one, as she struggles with the demon of poverty and the wiles of her seducer.

Christ with the statesman, to bid him, in the fear of God, do all things, knowing all government is from him.

Christ at the cradle, to bend the pliant twig and give it purpose and beauty forever.

Christ everywhere. No matter where. Yea, Christ in the editor's chair, to warn every one to lay hold on eternal life.—*The Church Union.*

SOLICITUDE FOR THE UNGODLY.

I confess to my shame, that I remember no one sin that my conscience doth so much accuse and judge me for, as for doing so little for the salvation of men's souls, and dealing no more earnestly and fervently with them for their conversion. I confess that when I am alone, and think of the case of poor ignorant, worldly, unconverted sinners, that live not to God, nor set their hearts on the life to come, my conscience telleth me that I should go to as many of them as I can, and tell them plainly what will become of them if they do not turn to the Lord. And though I have many excuses, yet none of them do satisfy my own conscience, when I consider what heaven and hell are, which will one of them be the end of every man's life.

THE HOME TABLE.

BESSIE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

'Twas a beautiful Christmas morning,
And over the new fallen snow,
Gay troops of light-hearted children
Were running to and fro.

From mansion and cottage and hovel,
Their merry laughter rang out,
Till hill-top and valley resounded
With their joyous matin shout.

Then, peeping in at the windows,
As I passed through the city streets,
I could see the Christmas tables,
All laden with dainty meats.

The sires and grandfathers and children,
Were viewing with strange delight
The store of wonderful treasures,
Saint Nicholas brought in the night.

But I sighed, as I hastened onward,
When, passing the rich man's door,
I came to the tenement houses
Where dwell the wretchedly poor.

Climbing up the rickety stairways,
And fumbling in the gloom,
I stopped at the half open doorway
Of a low and dismal room.

Ah, me! sighed I, as I stood there,
No Saint Nicholas came here last night,
No breakfast smoked on the table,
No fire was here all alight.

As I tarried a moment and listened,
A faint voice met my ear—
"Tis dark, I can't see you, mother,
But surely you are here.

"I want to tell you my dream, mother,—
O 'twas such a beautiful sight!
I saw a great door stand open—
That let in such wonderful light.

"Now you know how long it is, mother,
That I've laid in this little dark room,
And wanted to see the bright sunshine,
But it never, never has come.

"But O! it was brighter than sunshine,
As in through that open door
I saw a more beautiful figure
Than ever I saw before.

"It ~~ble~~ on garments so shining—
I can't tell you what I mean—
For I'm certain that it was like nothing
That I ever before had seen.

"I knew that the figure was Jesus—
For he came towards me and spoke
The very same words you were whispering
This morning when I awoke.

"O suffer the little children
To come unto me," he said,—
And he spake it so very gently
I could not be afraid.

"Then I thought it was Christmas morning,
Which you know I have longed to see,
Though I knew there was no one living
To think of you and me.

"But he brought a crown, dear mother,
And pressed it on my brow,
In the place where your hand was resting
When I awoke just now.

"What a wonderful Christmas gift, mother!
And it seemed so real and true!
I wish you had seen it, dear mother,
I know it would seem so to you.

"O, mother, I do feel so sorry,
For I know you are weeping now—
I feel the hot tears fast falling
Upon my cheeks and brow.

"Now I know that you are thinking
Of that sad Christmas day,
When my father tenderly kissed us,
Before he went away.

"And we watched, and waited, and waited—
But he never came back again;
He does not know of your sorrow,
He does not know of my pain.

"Then, too, it was Christmas morning,—
You know, just one year ago,
When I slipped on the icy pavement
And fell down and hurt me so.

"Never, since that dreadful morning,
Have I left this poor little bed;
When they brought me home to you fainting,
And you thought your poor Bessie was dead.

"O I know I've been so much trouble
And made you so much care!
Besides, all this time, my poor mother,
You've had little to eat or wear.

"And I know you have not any money,
For you've had no time to sew.
'Twould be better if I were with Jesus—
He has bidden me come, you know.

"I'm going to sleep, for I'm easy,
And I don't feel any more pain,
I hope I shall see when I'm sleeping,
That beautiful dream again,

"Tell me what I shall do, dear mother,
If Jesus should call me again,—
I will stay with Him, if you're willing,
'Twould not be so hard for you then."

She slept—and I heard the low moaning
Of a sorrowful voice in prayer:
"O Heavenly Father, Thou gavest—
To Thee I surrender my care.

"My treasure—my last and my only,
I give her, O Lord, unto Thee—
Forsaken and widowed and lonely,
Have pity, O Lord, upon me."

The dark room grew radiant with glory,
Soft music seemed stirring the air,
And a faint, low rustling of pinions,
Like angels hovering near.

Then I knew as I entered, half fearful,
And stood by the comfortless bed,
And looked on the worn, wasted features,
That Bessie the cripple was dead.

THE HORN OF POVERTY.

What a jolly time of preparation! The Christmas tree, with its manifold wonders, beauties and surprises, had been on the tapis for four long weeks.

What a source of gratification it had been, even in anticipation. And this happiness was only the forerunner of the pleasure in store.

Every child was to have something. Ah! that something. Each wondered what it would be to him or her. Fancy ran riot. Imagination soared to its highest flights.

Each teacher was to provide for its class. Every class was—as it thought—preparing a wonderful surprise for its teacher. The Bible class included a valuable gift for the Superintendent, while almost everybody was planning something for the beloved pastor, his wife, or the "minister's children."

Four weeks were long to eager childhood. The thirty-one days were now past. Christmas morning! Air sharp and clear as a bell. The sleigh-bells tinkled merrily. No long, gloomy faces. All as bright as the sunshine on the sparkling snow. Glorious day! How old must one be, whose nerves do not tingle, whose pulses do not quicken when this holiday comes round?

And after all the joys of the day, then was the climax of joy—the object we point in time, for long days and days.

The church was lighted, the church was filled, and the church witnessed unalloyed happiness. The dialogues and declamations were nicely over. Now the tree—the "Christmas tree."

What a beautiful collection it displayed. Little eyes had looked at it oh! so wishfully, for a whole hour. How little eyes sparkled and snapped! How eagerly little hands were reached out as name after name was called.

Not one had been neglected. The children of rich parents were loaded with gifts. The poor shared indifferently. The minister's family were fairly smothered with useful and beautiful things.

And now, as all things must end, came the glorious doxology,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow,"
chorused by scores of little hearts.

Nearly all had gone. The minister's wife still stood with her treasures heaped about her. A little Irish boy, neatly but poorly clad, with an honest, but now troubled face, approached her. He held up a cornucopia. "See," he said, sadly, "this horn of poverty was all I got," and his voice quivered.

He felt in his soul that his teacher had thought, "he's only a poor Irish boy." Her actions showed it.

"Poor boy," said the kind lady, in a tender, sympathetic tone that caused tears to stream down his face. "Poor boy," laying her hand on his head, "come home with me, and I will make it all right."

Isn't this one of the unjust things that our Sabbath Schools should attend to? Will not the moral work its purpose somewhere, the coming Christmas?

B. H. TRAFTON.

THE GOLDEN KEY.

It was a stormy December day, and Lucy's aunt was seated by the table at work. Lucy was perched in her favorite seat by the window, watching the soft white snow flakes as they fluttered gracefully to the ground, covering with their fleecy mantle every rough, unsightly thing, and making the broad earth a scene of purity and beauty. She was so very quiet that her aunt at length looked up anxiously, and said, "What are you thinking of, my darling?" The thoughtful look passed from her bright face, and the sunny smile came back again as she threw herself in her aunt's arms and exclaimed, "I was thinking, aunty, that I have found a golden key that unlocks everybody's heart to me. Can you guess what it is, aunty?"

Her aunt smiled and shook her head.
"It is only one little word—'Please.' If I say, 'Please give me a piece of bread and butter, Nora,' she says, 'Yes, miss!' and takes her hands out of the suds and

goes and gets it at once. John says she is cross. But she is never cross to me. I think one reason is because I try not to vex her.

Sometimes John says to her, 'Get my slippers instantly,' no matter what she is doing; and she answers back in loud and angry words; and John says she is the crossiest person he ever saw. Don't you think, aunty, if John used the golden key she would be kind and pleasant to him, too?"

"Yes, my love; and if they would both remember that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath,' and act accordingly, I think there would very soon cease to be harsh words between them. There are few persons so thoroughly bad that they cannot be won by kindness. Even dumb animals are not insensible to its influence. If you should beat Fido, or speak sharply to him, do you think he would show the same affection for you that he now does? If my little girl will always keep in her possession the precious golden key which she has been so fortunate as to find thus early, she will never want friends; and, in trying to make those around her happy, will insure a never failing source of happiness herself."

Dear young reader, do you not desire to secure this beautiful golden key which Lucy so prized, and whose magic influence made her happy and beloved?

THE JOURNEY.

It is before us all. We must take it sooner or later. Reader, are you ready?

A young lady had packed her trunk and was ready for a journey. But the journey she had contemplated was not taken. She never saw again the friends she had prepared to visit. She was called suddenly to take an unexpected journey, and well was it for her that she was ready to go; for she was summoned to the judgment seat of Christ.

A brother in whose pulpit I have frequently preached wrote the other day:—"Death has been doing a strange work among us. We have lost six members of our church in as many weeks. Five of these deaths were very sudden. Mr. J—, who sat on one side, and Mr. L—, who sat on the other side of the pulpit stand, are both gone. Mr. J—looked sick in the morning, and died that evening. Mr. L—retired as well as usual, and was found dead the next morning. Mr. J. D—did his evening work, attended to family worship as usual, retired, and in half an hour died. Similar were the deaths of Mrs. R., Mrs. W., and Mrs. S." Thus unexpectedly do many journey to

"That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns."

How suddenly the death stroke fell upon Dr. Duffield! Little did he think, as he went to deliver the address of welcome to the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations, convened in Detroit, that that would be his last speech on earth.

"I must go this way," said Rev. Thomas Spencer, of Liverpool, as he turned from a friend, and went to the sea shore to bathe. And he went the way whence he never returned.

"How many fall as sudden, not as safe!"

Reader, an unexpected journey may be near at hand for you. Are you Ready?—The National Baptist.

THE RIGHT WAY TO BEGIN.

A little girl once said, "O mother, how very hard it is to do right! I don't believe I shall ever be able."

"Have you really tried, my dear?"

"O yes; I try every day. When I awake, before I get up, I say to myself, 'I will be good all the day; I will be gentle and kind; I will obey my parents and teachers; I will not quarrel; I will always tell the truth.' But then, mother, I don't know how it is, I do so often forget. Then, when evening comes, I have to say, 'There now, what is the use of trying? I have been in a passion: I have been disobedient; and once or twice, mother, you know, I have said what was not true.'"

The dear child seemed very much ashamed while saying this, so her mother looked kindly at her, and only said, "My dear, I do not think you have begun right." The little girl looked up wonderingly, and her parent went on—"The first thing is to get a new heart, and have you asked for that?" "No, mother, I am afraid not." "Then, my child, do so at once. Good fruit, you know, can only come from a good tree. If your heart is wrong, your conduct will be wrong. You cannot make it right yourself, with all your good resolutions; but ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you. He will give you his Holy Spirit, and you will not find it any longer impossible to do right." I am glad to say that the child took her mother's advice. That very day she asked God, earnestly, to change her heart, and held her to do right. She prayed, she watched, she strove hard against her besetting sins, and was able, by God's grace, to lead the life of a lovely young Christian.

How can you expect to make low morals a befitting accompaniment to lofty thought?

CHILDREN'S PREMIUMS.

For \$4 we will send the new magazine for the children, *The Golden Hours*, and *THE ZION'S HERALD*, to a new subscriber.

For \$4 we will send *The Riverside* and *THE ZION'S HERALD* to a new subscriber.

For five new subscribers we will send one of A. J. Wilkinson's (No. 2 Washington Street, Boston) *Check of Tools*, price \$3.

For fourteen new subscribers, at \$2.50 each, one *Check of Tools*, price \$3.

We will also allow the usual discount to ministers.

LETTER FROM ITALY.

Commotion among the Officials—Gen. Grant's Sister as Diana.

FLORENCE, Nov. 14, 1868.

The reports of the presidential election were given us very promptly by the cable despatches, and amply satisfied our hopes. The commotion that then arose among the American officials was somewhat comical to so ingenuous a spectator as your correspondent. Several who had been seated upon the fence, with a diplomatical circumspection ready to jump either way, now determinedly sallied forth to smile upon their countrymen at the News Rooms or elsewhere, and to assure all men of their gratification, and their fast, undying devotion to the next administration.

Colonel T. Bigelow Lawrence, American Consul General, is to start immediately for home, upon matters of business. In his consular position he has been an active and efficient officer; the grandeur of his equipage is supposed by most of our countrymen to have overwhelmed the Italian nobility, and gossip believes that Col. Lawrence is desirous to be appointed Minister to Italy upon the retirement of Hon. Mr. Marsh. The last named gentleman, however, does not intend to resign, and his position is supposed to be strengthened by the recent re-election of his nephew, Senator Edmunds, of Vermont.

Mr. Marsh's universal reputation as a scholar makes him a creditable representative of his country (by the way, an Italian lady is just now publishing a translation by herself of his work "Man in Nature") and as a diplomat by reason of his already long, as honorable term of service, he holds a position at this court which is very rare for a representative of our democratical and ever changing government. He is the senior in length of service as a minister of all the foreign ministers now at the Italian Court, and is therefore the "Dean," or leader of the diplomatical body, upon whom it devolves to make all presentations to the King, and certain other functions. The new Secretary of Legation, Rev. Mr. Hay, of Tennessee, has arrived with his wife and family, and assumed his position.

While speaking of the elections, *La Nazione*, the government newspaper has been publishing during the last week a very extensive biography of "The New American President, General Grant," an unusually complimentary attention on the part of any European government organ.

An American gentleman now a resident at Leipzig has told me an interesting anecdote about Mrs. Mary Grant Cramer, sister of our next President, whose husband is the Consul at Leipzig. Mrs. Cramer is an amateur artist, and used to paint in the art-galleries. There, some of the German artists saw and admired the really very purely classical features of their unknown colleague, and when they were painting the frescoes in the new Art Museum of Leipzig they introduced her head for the Grecian goddess Diana! A very pleasing tribute I think to the beauty of our truer American ladies—one too, that any of our travelling countrymen may witness upon inquiry at the Museum. The German artists were just as ignorant as they would have been careless of their muse's relationship to the American President that was to be.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND PARLIAMENT.

The Prince and Princess Royal are to return to Florence for the 20th of this month, because as the court circular expresses it, sentimentally enough, "His Majesty, the King, wishes to have the Princess Margherita near him upon the joyous occasion of her birthday." Afterwards they are to depart for Naples.

Parliament re-assembles upon the 24th—whether to be opened by the King in person, and with an address, is not sure; because this is an adjourned session, really, of the old Parliament. It is expected that the Left will at once bring forward the Roman Question as their engine of attack upon the government. Whether Ratazzi can succeed in uniting these Garibaldian Extremists of the Left, whom he has once betrayed, with the Liberals of the Centre, is altogether dubious, and thereby hangs the ministry's triumph, or fall. For he is at least the only ministerial candidate whom the opposition have to push forward. Italy has no Garibaldi in the statesmen's field. Advocate Crispi, the distinguished leader in Parliament, is sometimes spoken of, but generally as a man of not high enough capacities. Still Ratazzi seems to be prominent only as the shadow of his distinguished compeer Cavour. That he can firmly unite the Left under him no man can prophesy. A year ago, one night the mob broke the windows of another man's house which they took for Ratazzi's, and again another night of the same week the same mob joyfully serenade him at his proper domicile. Madame Ratazzi (*nee Bonaparte-Wyse*) has written a book with the eccentric title, *Si J'étais la Reine* ("If I were Queen"). One would think that a book with such a title might be piquant when written by a daughter of the Bonapartes, the wife of an unsatisfied Prime Minister.

THE WINTER RAINS.

We have had more heavy rains, which upon the higher mountain tops far and near left a light mantle of snow, and down in the valley have so swollen the Arno as to carry away a part of the new and unfinished River Boulevard. Parts of the Mount Cenis Railway, as well as all the others, have been broken away, so that travelers will be forced for some time to come to make the intermediate distances in some condemned diligences, relics of old times. Mr. Ball, the sculptor, was expected yesterday with his family, but has been delayed on these accounts probably. Even the railways on the plains, in Northern Italy, are singularly exposed to the floods, for which its rivers were just as celebrated in Virgil's time. In spite of all these interruptions of travel, still one notices the increased number of strangers on the streets and in the galleries, most especially always our own countrywomen; the over-dressed Americanesses are notoriously conspicuous everywhere. Some "Grecian Benders," probably fresh from Saratoga, are reported here. The contour of their costumes will seem rather of the "Hottentot" than of their Grecian Venus de Medici, to the unappreciating Florentines.

NEWS ABOUT THE ARTISTS.

Church has lately passed through on his way to Rome, where he will take a studio and spend the winter in elaborating his Oriental work of his last year's travels. Holman Hunt is painting peasants over by Fiesole. He also is bent upon a second professional tour in the East, and is soon to depart. Harriet Hosmer is on her way to her winter's work in Rome. The fine villas of Hiram Powers and Thomas Ball, side by side, on the hill above the "Poggio Imperiale," are to be completed in a few months. The ground floors of each are to be set apart for commodious studios, and the upper stories will give the loveliest prospects possible in all this beautiful region. Longfellow is expected here soon. Italian papers had been announcing that the great commission for the Lincoln Memorial had been awarded to their countryman, one Signor Guagliardi. This was promptly denied by a note from some of Mr. Mead's friends at Venice. We have a new sculptor, Mr. Thomas R. Gould, of Boston. He has taken a studio, and intends practising his art here. Miss Sarah P. Remond has agreed at the request of some of her friends to deliver a lecture upon John Brown's Life, before the English and Americans in Florence, sometime this winter. "General, Lord Napier, of Magdala," arrived at the City Hotel last evening.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

PASSAGES FROM THE AMERICAN NOTE-BOOKS OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE. Two volumes.

Every solitary man is communicative somewhere. The silentest man in American literature here becomes the most talkative. Does Gen. Grant keep a diary? If so, what treasures of criticism will yet appear. What he thought of Lee and of Lincoln, of McClelland, of Butler, of Baldy Smith, of his present associates, are all set down, and shall duly gratify the future generation. Diaries are apt to be the dullest compositions. Some men decant their privatest wine into poems; others into colloquial parties; others into journals. Did Hawthorne expect these to be published? They have that air. They are so carefully wrought up, so artistic, so frank, yet adroit, that one must believe he had his dear public before him in these moments of professed perfect seclusion. His notes show how careful a thinker he was. Here are bits of characterization, like sketches of leaves, or limbs in Raphael's portfolio, to be wrought up into future stories. Here are quite developed characters, like the more complete outlines of artists, which await their transfer in colors to the perfect picture. Here are gems of thought, subtle and rare as gems of earth, caught and crystallized in the flash of an eye by the fiery forces of the observing soul.

John Foster's diary and Hawthorne's have many points in common. Both were the self-musings of perfect hermits. Both are picturesque embodiments of chance conceptions. Both have a sad tinge, "the gray and melancholy waste" of the wide solitary ocean where their soul-life sailed. Yet they differ also, differ in the mighty, measureless fact that Foster's crystals all mirror forth Christ. Hawthorne's have no gleam of this heaven in their shining.

Another peculiarity this work teaches us—the value and the vanishing nature of common things. Who would have thought twenty years ago that a description of a New England country road, tavern, store and town would be a literary rarity in a score of years? Yet it is. Hawthorne's pictures of the ride from Northampton to North Adams, of the country tavern, its inmates and visitors, of the stage-coach and its contents, are both historic and novel. They are much better than Longfellow's "Wayside Inn," which is as great an impossibility in New England life as the "Golden Legend," or the "One Horse Shay." They are perfectly true to fact, and hence already assume the colors of romance. So will the common things of to-day be poetry to-morrow. He who describes a rail car and its contents, a hall, its lecturers and audience, Broadway and the Bristol boats, will paint pictures for the future's admiration. Every lover of Hawthorne, and they are many, will enjoy those careful, painful delineations of his innermost, only real life. They will regret the absence of the highest inspirations, the blessed calm and heavenly uplift of Christian faith, and will be stimulated by the absence of these excellences to apply themselves the more faithfully to their acquisitions. They will see no charms in such a Christless solitude; the more its clear, dark spirit opens its depths to their vision, the more will they feel drawn to the only Sun that can irradiate such gloom and fill it like the sky with light and life.

How CROPS GROW. By Samuel Johnson. Orange Judd & Co.

Prof. Johnson, of the Yale Scientific School, gives in this course of lectures a complete analysis of the composition and growth of a plant. Messrs. Judd & Co. have done well in sending it forth in such cheap style that every farmer may read it. Nothing can better employ a week of farmer's winter evenings than this treatise. It shows the husbandman how high is his vocation. It will make him enjoy his labor as the chemist enjoys his, because it is a labor of the mind, and not the hand alone, or chiefly. It will teach him how to improve his crops, as the scholar can his results, by new combinations. It will lead him to deeper reverence for his profession, and greater love for his and its Creator. All gardeners, all lady lovers of plat and potted plants and living window tracery, will find the book a helpmeet for them.

ROSAMOND DAYTON, by Mrs. H. C. Gardner. Lee & Shepard.

Our well-known and acceptable contributor enters a larger field of romance and religion in this story than she ordinarily cultivates. It is the life of a girl who loses her mother, is cast into despondency, aroused after long trials by other sorrows, battles away her grief in faithful labors for their relief, has a long conflict of heart for her cousin Tom, the doctor, who is equally fond of her, but both are separated by a belief that each is another's, and both make their unconfessed love only serve more faithfully the salvation of others. It at last this love finds acknowledgment and peaceful completion. It is a well-told tale, deeply religious, and though running into a field

that the church publishing houses usually esteem contraband, will be found attractive and instructive to the older scholars, who must read love stories, and had better read good Christian tales than the iniquitous trash that floods the market, invades the family, and demoralizes souls. This story can well enter the Sabbath School list.

MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS, by Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Two volumes. Harper & Bros. A. Williams & Co.

Bulwer's learning is immense, and his command of it easy. These essays are of the fullness of his years, knowledge and style. They are reviews, essays, critiques, historical sketches, everything: The Reign of Terror, Goldsmith, Sir Thomas Browne, Pitt and Fox, Conversations with a Dying Ambitious Student, etc. Next to the elder Disraeli, Bulwer is the most crammed of English literateurs. More than he, is he capable of criticism and philosophical disquisition. These are among his best thoughts. Without religion, they are also without anti-religion. Modern heresy finds no home here, if orthodoxy is also absent. His thoughts are full of learning and sound sense. As such, they will edify every lover and reader of good books.

SCOTT'S WORKS, MOORE'S WORKS.

Cassel & Virtue. H. A. Brown & Co.

These are fine English volumes containing the complete works of these masters. Clear type, handsome paper and cheap price will make them a necessity to every young man who is picking up desirable volumes for his slowly-growing, and, to him, costly-growing library.

BRADBURY'S GOLDEN CHAIN, NEW GOLDEN SHOWER AND FRESH LAURELS are for sale by H. A. Brown & Co., the Boston agents for these most popular of Sunday School singing books. Mr. Bradbury seemed to have a peculiar genius for this branch of musical art. He will long live in the sweetest songs ever prepared for the children. Remember the agents, H. A. Brown & Co., No. 3 School Street, corner of Washington St.

CHILD WIFE, by Mayne Reid (Sheldon & Co.), is a weak and wicked book. The Captain has left the extravagancies of the child narrations for the greater extravagancies of the child wife. A low wretch and his infamous wife agree to act as if not married, the better to make their fortunes. He carries out his agreement too faithfully for her enjoyment, and nearly accomplishes a marriage with a rich young lady. She breaks it up, he is sent abroad, and she is a roue of London. Its thread of decency cannot overcome its swine's broth of abominable things. If this is a sample of Captain Reid's American books, he had better have stayed in England.

James P. Magee has a rare treasure-house of the Christmas books for children and adults.

Magazines.

The New Eclectic comes in a very handsome cover, and more handsome contents. Turnbull & Murdoch, Baltimore, issue it. John Ruskin's face fronts it, a harder, older, truer face than the old, pretty one, that has been current. The selections are broad and readable, and the magazine well worth its money, \$4 a year.

Putnam's for January has two good engravings as its frontispiece. R. B. Kimball has a new story "To-day." Bryant a poem, "Among the Trees," as good as his first poems. J. P. Paulding's nephew tells a Christmas tale, Fenimore Cooper revisits the glimpse of the moon in an unpublished MSS. of the battle of Plattsburg. Dr. Bacon discusses the literature of the coming fight of Romanism and Protestantism. Altogether this is an admirable number. Close beside it, if not before it, treads its young rival, *The Galaxy* (Sheldon & Co.); a very choice number is this. "Cypher" is continued, a powerful tale. Gladstone, Bright and Mill are well portrayed by Justin McCarthy as the Liberal triumvirate of England; Albert Mill has fallen out of the trio, and not unjustly. "A belt of Astoroids" is a good chat on poets, by E. C. Stedman. Bryant contributes "The Flight of Diomed." Richard Grant White talks on "English Grammar." A slave sale in Charleston well describes the horrible past, and woman is defended against the charge of inferiority.

The Atlantic makes these young race horses sweat to win its stakes, as Lowell says Emerson made his rivals

—get red in the face
To keep up with the mystagogue's natural pace."

It drives its old list of writers in full team, like a promenade circus wagon with every fine horse caparisoned and harnessed into one boy-dazzling (usually written bedazzling) car. Lowell, Hale and Holmes talk autobiography, a sign of age. They slip excellently into the lean and slipped pantaloons. Whittier and Bryant and Lowell have poems—the latter is trotted out twice, so popular is he. His prose is his best, for his poetry is not very witty, as it tries to be. Howells has a good religious narrative of the use of the Moravians and the destruction of one of the Indian Missions. Bayard Taylor, Whipple and Parton are also in the list, alive as usual. The Atlantic don't mean to die yet.

Publications Received since our Last.

From Hurd & Houghton.—Stories of the Prairie, Cooper; Life of Carter the Artist, for sale by Nichols & Noyes; Riverside Magazine.
From Lee & Shepard.—Woodside and Seaside; Resources of the Pacific Slope, J. R. Brown; Isaiah with Notes; Newton Foster, Maryatt, Appletons.

From Nichols & Noyes.—The New England Tragedies in Prose, Allen.
From G. P. Putnam & Co.—Search after Truth, Easton.
From D. Lothrop & Co.—Nothing but Leaves, McKeever, Skelley & Co.; Happy Days, Marshall, Skelley & Co.
From E. P. Dutton.—The Christmas Holidays in Rome, Kip; Grandmother's Curiosity Cabinet, Osten; Sermons to Children; Roadside, Lee; Uncle Rod's Pet.

From A. F. Graves.—The Hand of Jesus, Chaplin.
From American News Company.—Close Communion, Kennedy.
From Gould & Lincoln.—The Empty Cradle, by Rev. E. L. Cuyler, E. Carter.

From Carleton & Lapshin.—The Methodist Almanac for 1869.
Littell's Living Age; The Theological Eclectic; Oxnard; The New Eclectic; Our Schoolboy Visitor; Our Boys and Girls; The Living Temple; The Sabbath at Home; The Family Treasury; Mody's Museum.

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We have arranged to have THE HERALD printed on the Riverside Press, beginning with the New Year. This change will occasion some delay in the remaining numbers of this volume. We hope to be able to mail our edition a day earlier than during the present year, to which our subscribers will say "amen."

THINK BEFORE YOU DO IT.—Do not hastily discontinue THE HERALD. You will miss its pleasant face and kindly words. You may think you can do without it, and thereby save five cents a week; but you will often wish to see your old friend, and hear the news from your brethren. And then how can you spend five cents a week more profitably than by securing the coming of THE HERALD?

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Wilkinson & Co.'s Chest of Tools are a fine thing for children and youth.

THE PEACE THAT PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.

In the Christian experience peace holds a sovereign seat. It is the first gift of Christ to his disciple, "My peace I give unto you." It arises naturally from his previous estate. All who are in the world are troubled in conscience unless stupefied by their sins. They see that their lives do not conform to the law of God; there are passions, appetites, ambitions, practices, that are far from consistent with his law. Their ways of sin may be pleasant, in some of their gratifications, but they are full of condemnation. They may seek to stupefy themselves with false doctrines, rating their own quality higher than it merits, rating God's nature far lower than His claims, extending the opportunities of repentance to the states beyond the grave, pleading the necessity of their nature, pleading the indifference and good nature of God; in innumerable ways Satan seeks to subdue the soul to its appetites, and fill it with a false and fatal peace.

Over against these falsely becalming efforts the Holy Spirit sets itself to stir up the soul of the sinner. It flashes through the thick fog of this vain delusion its terrifying lightnings. Its earthquake motions toss the sinner's palace of false hope as canoes are lifted on mightiest waves. It sets him front to front with death, and compels him to contemplate that dread destroyer, not in the bland pretensions with which "lying prophets" clothe it, a passage onward and upward for every soul, a broad, beautiful pathway brilliantly lighted, a Champs Elysees at night, full of flashing gaiety and exultant life, but as it really is, in the threat of God and the feeling of man, "cold obstruction," earth and woman, a horror of great darkness, a king, the king of terrors. Not all the park-like cemeteries, nor rosewood caskets, nor overflowing beds of flowers around the body or the grave, can hide its real character. It is, it ever will be, God's capital punishment

for sin. If the friends of the man doomed to be hung for murder should fill his cell with flowers, should hang its walls with pictures, should load his table with viands, should array his gallows like a throne, and seat him on the fatal trap in a royal throne that

"Far outshines the wealth of Ormus or of Ind," he would still be a felon, in a cell, and on the gallows, who in a moment hangs a limp lump above his golden seat. All his pomp would avail him nothing against the law and against his fate. So we may attempt to bury death in flowers and landscapes and pretty poetry, but it is none the less death the destroyer, "the Shadow feared of man," ghastly, ghostly, "the wages of sin."

From these terrors of conscience, of death, and of that greater horror after death, faith in the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ alone delivers us. This speaks the blessed word, Peace. Here the fearful soul hides itself, and is calm. This is the real Zeus Söter, God our Saviour, whom the poor Pagan Greek so blindly, tearfully, hopelessly sought, yet if honestly sought, was not even then sought in vain.

By putting ourselves into His redeeming arms, by accepting His merits as a substitute for our demerits, by abandoning our hostility to His character and claims, by worshipping Him as our God and Saviour, only thus do we enter into His peace.

How perfect that celestial calm. How delightful the sense of victory to the one long plunged in the thickest of the smoke and the peril of battle. How unspeakable the peaceful harbor to one long tossed on the wild and desolate billows. How sweet the deliciousness of the first spring morning ride to one long shut in by dangerous and distressing illness. Even so, nay infinitely more so, is the thrilling calm that pervades the soul which has conquered its enemy the devil and its own carnal lusts, that has put the world under its feet, that looks behind over the wrathful ocean of its own passions, while it drops its anchor in

"The happy harbor of God's saints," and feels the blessed balms from the land of Rest flowing over its tossed spirit. Especially is it calm as it beholds the future. The grave loses none of its natural character. It is still the punishment of God. It is still a just penalty laid upon him for his sins. But in this region of the shadow and reality of death, light hath sprung up. Beyond its ridge of desolation a glory breaks, as beyond the icy and fearful crests, inaccessible to human feet, that cut the Alpine sky, break forth the rosy hues of a coming and conquering sun. Heaven streams through the crevices of the tomb. That most dismal of the abodes of men is filled with a light far above the brightness of the sun. The coffin becomes a couch of rest and pleasure, the grave a cabinet of jewels, the cemetery the garden of God, fertile in the calm and glory of peace.

O, soul, weary and heavy laden, come and win this perfect peace. Turn not to those who would assuage your fears by denying their proper, or even actual existence. Listen not to those who declare God is too good to punish the sinner; Christ is one of many saviours, none of whom will or can deliver you from your sins; be as good as you can be under the circumstances of your being, and God will not bring you into judgment. All around you sound these syren voices. How plaintively, how bewitchingly they pour forth their strains. Eloquence, learning, wealth, fame, philanthropy, every robe of beauty they array themselves in, and then sing the song to poor weather-beaten souls that are driving past their fascinating shores on the ceaseless currents of human life and destiny. Ah, hear them not! William Morris makes the Syrens sing the most delicious lines that all his "Jason" contains. The poor weary sailors will not hear Orpheus' superior strain, and only Ulysses' wise preventive of stopping the ears of his oarsmen and lashing them to the ship, prevents their complete abandonment, and their casting of themselves into the deadly sea.

How enchanting to long-tossed seamen such strains as these:

"If ye be bold with us to go,
Things such as happy dreams may show,
Shall your once heavy eyes behold
About our palaces of gold.
So while the kingdoms pass away,
Ye sea-beat hardened toilers erst,
Unresting, for vain fame athirst,
Shall be at peace forevermore,
With hearts fulfilled of Godlike love,
And calm, unwavering, Godlike love,
No lapse of time can turn or move.
Alone with us, dwell happily,
Beneath our trembling roof of sea."

More winsomely do the Syrens of false doctrine salute your ears. From costly churches, from fascinating halls, from cultured journals, from lofty schools, they pour forth their fascinations. Christ is your Orpheus uttering sweeter strains. The Spirit is your Ulysses who seeks to deafen your ears to their enticements. Hear not the seducers. They only allure you over-

board. As sure as you leave Christ's vessel, you plunge into the cold abyss of infidelity and death. These waves, seemingly of solid, dancing gold, are really an awful gulf, which will drown you in perdition and destruction. Hear your Redeemer saying, "Take my yoke upon you, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." Rest now, rest forever. May the peace of Christ, which passeth all understanding, keep every reader's heart and mind in the knowledge and love of God, and of Jesus Christ our Lord.

THE SEYMOUR MURDERS.

A new thing has been done in our land. A "mob" rides fifty miles by rail, invades a county seat, breaks open a jail, hangs four prisoners, and quietly takes the train for home. The wildest of fictions is paralleled here. But as it is truth, not fiction, it is susceptible of explanation. There must be a powerful motive at the bottom of a movement that exposes a large band of men to a capital trial, away from home, in another county. And we venture to say they are not the off-scouring of the community. This desperate act was not the work of desperadoes exclusively.

We write not to exculpate or condemn the deed. We aim our condemnation at the state of things, East as well as West, North as well as South, that, to some minds, is a justification for such an atrocity. And this justification lies always in an alleged weakness or paralysis of the law.

There are a hundred counties in the United States in which it is impossible to convict a man who has ten thousand dollars at command. So easy is it in certain regions to thwart the course of justice, that it has been the boast of lawyers that no murderer whom they defend is ever hung. We do not assert that Jackson Co., Ind., is one of these hundred counties, but in our hypothetical case we will take that as a condition. The Reno family consisted of about half a dozen desperate men, who had little fear of bullets, and none for the forms of law. The seizure of a single treasure-chest in its transit between Cincinnati and St. Louis furnishes them with the requisite reserved fund of \$10,000 apiece. They are safe from law in that county. The railroad cannot run around it. Their exploits are as daring as any in the Abruzzi, and as successful.

But they have offended against something greater than the majesty of Jackson County. The mighty power that controls legislatures is not to be robbed with impunity. They determine to make a terrible example. The first batch of their unhappy victims are taken from the train at Seymour, to be sent to the county jail by a horse team. They die on the way.

The second installment are to be conveyed to jail more securely. They are to pass Seymour in a night train; but the conductor telegraphs that he shall run over no red lights. In the woods near Seymour the red light is seen which limits the earthly journey of the prisoners.

Those yet uncaught are alarmed. They flee to Canada, and thence the long arms of the avenger plucks them. It lodges them conveniently on the edge of destruction; for the jail at New Albany is not too far from Jeffersonville, a terminus of a railroad from Seymour. And now we see the last of the robbers and of the transaction.

Were it not for such lawless execution of "wild justice," more than one of our arteries of internal commerce might find a county through which it passed organized into a band of robbers as respectable as the Barnegat pirates, who had their own magistrates, if not also their own spiritual advisers. All admit that such a thing could not be tolerated. The remedy must be legal or violent. If violent, it cannot be by imprisonment, and therefore is almost inevitably by death, even though the criminals have not touched human life. Death for money!

It is the duty of every State to furnish a legal and adequate remedy. And it is the duty of the United States to guarantee the adequate legal protection of the commerce between Ohio and Missouri through every county of Indiana and Illinois.

Antonomy in this county, however desirable, must yield to this: The State must see that its own laws are executed, and must therefore select its agents.

The right of challenge of jurors, once so much opposed through enmity to one particular law, should be more fully conceded to the prosecution. No brother should sit on the case of his brother, be they Methodists or Masons, Sons of Temperance or Catholics.

It is a query whether partial verdicts should not be allowed when the jury cannot agree on a full one. Let them find, for instance, that the deceased was last seen in the prisoner's company, and that he has been murdered. In the next trial let the points so found be held for proven. It is a query, too, whether the rich should have as much advantage over the poor on trial

as they now have, whether for each circuit two barristers be not appointed to act alternately for prosecution and defense, no other counsel being held on either side.

These immense monopolies that can make such an exhibition of vengeance, are not a terror to evil-doers only. They are a great source of legislative corruption, and too often men who seek to evade their unjust exactions, are led to strain conscience in so doing. So many as possible of these formidable corporations should be abolished. Let the functions whereby they serve the people be exercised by agents of the State or the nation. What a calamity would it be if a dozen millionaires owned the mails, and had to expend five millions a year in bribery to keep possession, and be left to extort those millions twice over from the letter-writers! Or if a few rich men owned the principal high ways as well as railroads leading to Boston, and could put the city into a state of siege at their will! If now the telegraph, the express and transit by rail were all managed for the benefit of the whole, just as ocean-transit is, the change would be greater than that caused by the invention of the telegraph and the railroad. It is a grave problem in political economy who shall own the railroads, and how they shall operate them! But with regard to the telegraph and the express, which operate oftener across State lines than within them, the case is clear. Congress ought not to leave them another year in the hands of soulless corporations whose chief aim is to do the least and exact the most.

But every additional duty assumed by government demands additional officers, increases patronage, and adds to executive power. This evil may be in part removed by the radical change in appointment and tenure urged of late. Let appointment be conditioned on successful competition in examination and removal only for adequate cause, and American officials may become as faithful as the French are. But with all the rest, better men must be elected by the people. The honest men and Christians of every legislative district, State and national, must see to it that no drunkard, cheat, liar or thief, shall be their representative. This is becoming every year a greater exigency, and with the growing prosperity of a country must continue to urge itself with rapidly increasing force. It needs to be settled that no scoundrel has a chance, even after he has secured the regular nomination of the stronger party. We can do that thing, and we must. But candidates of this class must not be left to bear the expense of the canvass. Let those who want such men go to the expense of electing them.

SHALL THE PROHIBITORY LAW BE RESTORED?

On this question debate is already arising. Some desire that cider shall be excluded from its control; others, ale. Some wish the apothecaries allowed free sale; others modifications in the agencies. On amplest consideration the best policy will be found to be the restoration of the law in its letter, with proper appliances for its enforcement. Such is the position taken by the State Temperance Alliance, which, after two long meetings and full debates, unanimously adopted the following resolutions:

Whereas, The State Temperance Alliance, in the present advanced stage of the reform regards legislative prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage, as a means of reformation in the drinking usages and customs of society, coequal with and an indispensable aid to those moral means, influences, and instrumentalities addressed to the reason, conscience and judgment of men, which have for the last fifty years been the foundation of temperance work, and

Whereas, The great problem to be solved, and which we desire by legislation to aid in solving is, How shall the legitimate wants and necessities of the community be met and answered in the use of an article which is demanded for medicinal and mechanical purposes, while its sale as a beverage should be prohibited by every consideration of the good and well being of the households and families of our Commonwealth? To meet the requirements and to adjust these necessities, as far as legislation is concerned, is the province of a wise and conservative statesmanship, to which the Legislature of 1869 will be called by the people of the Commonwealth; and we affirm that this question cannot be ignored by the legislator, as beyond the domain of legislation, and that our right to deal with it, according to the actual necessities of the case, is anterior to all constitutions, and is part and parcel of the great police power inherent in all communities—that of self-protection and self-preservation; and

Whereas, The legislation of the last session of the General Court of Massachusetts in favor of licensing the sale of liquors, again throwing open the doors of drinking saloons, which were being so effectually closed by the laws then on our statute-book, exhibiting to the world a great and deplorable increase of drunkenness in all parts of the Commonwealth, more especially in the populous towns and cities, demand an immediate return to the prohibitory system, and make it more than ever apparent that "license" is not among the instrumentalities for promoting the cause of Temperance, with which the best interests and well being of our people are, so inseparably identified; therefore

Resolved, 1. That we value a right and just law as much for its moral influence and teaching as for its pains and penalties, and we feel that we may reasonably ask of our legislators to stay, as far as possible, the flood of evil and harm to the great body politic, by restoring to the people of the Commonwealth the well-defined judicially construed and adjudicated text of the Prohibitory Law substantially as it stood before the late act of repeal, with such effective aids in their

general and strict enforcement as the public exigencies may require.

2. That the State Temperance Alliance petition the Legislature for an absolute and unconditional repeal of the several acts passed by the Legislature of 1868, known as the "License Legislation," and for the re-enactment and re-establishment for substance and effect, of the several acts repealed hereby.

To remove cider and ale from forbidden beverages makes every ale shop a whisky shop. The Rum Legislature put them in their bill as intoxicating drinks. A Temperance Legislature may properly keep them there. To give apothecaries full privileges of sale will change these places to grogshops. They are becoming so now. Respectable and religious men, in this vocation, have become drunkards in this single year through their use of their own medicine. Let the law return in all its perfection, and with powers to fully execute it, and the people will sustain it as never before.

NORTHWESTERN NOTES.

Correspondence.

THE WEATHER

During the Fall has been almost the worst within the memory of the oldest inhabitant—though that embraces but a few years. We have boasted a good deal of our splendid autumns, but this year it has been dreary, dismal, drizzly; cold, chilly, cheerless—a season to which, I fear, a great deal of additional alliteration would hardly do justice. We have had but one day of Indian summer, and that turned out to be a "weather breeder," for we did not see the sun again for some time.

THE ELECTION

was preceded by a more intense agitation than I have been wont to witness in the East. But there was no violence or serious collision anywhere with perhaps one or two exceptions. It is one of the sublimest things in the world to-day that thirty-five millions of people occupying so vast an extent of territory, with such diverse interests, can so quietly decide questions of the profoundest character, and involving the most incalculable consequences in their governmental policy. Unquestionably there are perils connected with our system, and the Christian patriot can but tremble in view of our sometimes fearful proximity to the verge of national disaster and ruin. But hitherto God has kept us. The instincts of the people are generally right, and though it is possible for them to bring calamity upon themselves under the guidance of ambitious and unprincipled leaders, yet we may hope that with the efforts in behalf of general education, and for the promotion of virtue and religion, the liberties of the people will be preserved and the principles of Christian civilization perpetuated.

The most gratifying thing in all the recent elections is the decisive majorities with which two of our Northwestern States have purged themselves of the uncleanness with which their organic law has hitherto been defiled. Minnesota and Iowa, both by sweeping majorities, have swept this vestige of barbarism out of their constitutions, and decided no longer to make color a test of political franchise. So one after another, little by little, the final lurking places—the last ditches—of the destroying demons of our land, are being ferreted out.

Next to this there are two good notes from Massachusetts—the re-election of Gen. Butler, and the grand reaction against the rum party. The former can hardly be said to give unalloyed satisfaction to all good men—though most are gratified by it; but the latter is cause of rejoicing to Christian people universally.

BUSINESS AND CROPS.

The money market has been rather stringent of late. The crops were very good, and it was expected that the removing of them would make business brisk. But the general plenty in the country, and the good crops abroad, have diminished the price of wheat to a little more than half that of last year. So the large farmers hold on to their grain for the present, hoping for a rise; which, however, there is no great prospect of their getting. Still there is no severe distress, and no serious impediment to the prosperity of the country.

THE RISE AND FALL OF HOPS.

One wide-spread calamity to a particular class I have to chronicle. The hop-raiser have come to grief. There has been an intense excitement growing for two or three years past on this subject. High prices, an extraordinary yield, an apparently unlimited demand, the fortunes which a few made with little effort in a single year, set many people nearly beside themselves. It was all the more alluring to some because it had what the French lady said was in a certain case the only desideratum to perfect felicity, "a little sin." I think I alluded to the agitation going on in religious

circles on the ethical aspect of the business. But who ever saw a great fortune in any purely productive enterprise, that did not cover, if it did not neutralize, a multitude of sins? So even professedly religious people planted, and poled, and trained, and picked, and packed, and sold hops enough to supply all the housewives and all the bakers of the whole solar system; stoutly insisting that they were doing this not to promote the manufacture of beer, but for the sole and laudable purpose of making yeast—a useful and indispensable article of domestic economy.

The fever ran higher than even the beer-fever or the "moris multicaulis" epidemic years ago in Massachusetts, and with perhaps more disastrous results. Well-to-do farmers mortgaged their whole estates, and invested in their new branch of agriculture. But suddenly the market has become overstocked, the price has fallen to a figure not sufficient to pay expenses, and simultaneously with this disaster comes another in the shape of hosts of vermin which in a night blast whole acres so that even at the former extraordinary prices they would not be worth harvesting.

Not all parts of the State have suffered alike; for not all have engaged in the business to any considerable extent. But one county, at least, is almost wholly bankrupt—the hop raisers not being able even to pay the pickers, who had been brought in car-loads from distant parts of the State to aid in securing the crop. It is to be regretted that the insane passion for wealth should so utterly blind and mislead so many otherwise prudent and sagacious people. It is still more to be deplored that it should have led into an enterprise of doubtful moral tendency.

STATE CHRISTIAN CONVENTION.

The third annual meeting of this kind is called for next week, in Fond du Lac. The conventions of other years have been attended with most profitable influences, and followed by most excellent results. The one now at hand promises to be still more influential for good. The "topics" for discussion already published are of an eminently practical character, and have to do with the most pressing religious wants of the times. A great number of ministers of all evangelical denominations in all parts of the State have given it their sanction, and a season of great interest is anticipated.

A NEW METHODIST PERIODICAL.

Some of the prominent members of the Wisconsin, West Wisconsin, and Minnesota Conferences are about starting a monthly paper to be called "The Index," and to be published simultaneously at Milwaukee and St. Paul's. It is not intended to interfere with the circulation of any of our other church papers, but simply as an organ of more full and familiar intercommunication between the different and distant parts of these Conferences than can be effected through any existing organ consistent with its more general design. It is uncertain whereunto this will grow. The men who have the matter principally in charge, are persons whose energy and ability is a guarantee of vigorous effort. Did not experience and observation hold up warning fingers, we might be more sure of the success of the present enterprise. But I am by no means disposed to prophesy evil or to foretell failure. There are unquestionably interests which will be greatly aided by such a means, and there is undoubtedly talent enough in the Conference to carry it forward successfully.

CHELYS.

THE ANSWER.

We mentioned last week that *The Christian Register* had condescended to notice our reply to its challenge, not by publishing it,—far from it be such courtesy,—not even by correctly stating it, but by hiding itself from its argument behind an expression of *THE HERALD'S*. We ought to feel complimented when our worthy neighbor can find no other shield for itself or its friends than that which *THE HERALD* itself supplies. The treatment we now receive is very different from its former assault. Then it was pompously wrathful; now it is pompously mirthful. It abounds with admiration points, as if astonished, as well it may be, at its own wit and wisdom. We fear all admiration for it, or its position, must be confined to these punctuation marks. Otherwise its characteristics are twofold. Very submissive is its air as compared with its previous assumption, and very jolly its spirit. The Ancient Pistol has come again. It "eats the leek" as though it had never swollen with defiance, and as though this was its most agreeable diet.

It waited, as it confesses, weeks after the reply demanded was made, and never hinted to its readers that the proof it asked was given. At last it fancies that it has found relief, and this is its answer. It finds in *THE HERALD'S* notice of *The Independent* that we declared the work and word of that journal in the humanitarian direction of Christianity "unsurpassed," and therefore it says that we put Messrs. Tilton & Co. ahead of Christ, on a level with Mr. Alger in his treatment of Buddha. This is as good a joke in its judgment as those it perpetrated on the South American earthquakes. It is getting so very witty that it ought to change its name to

The American Punch. Only it might be like that Lowell describes,

"With the sugar and lemon and spirits left out."

Not the worse for that, if its water were only sparkling and bright, instead of being, as it is, too Tauntonish. As our scolding philosopher has suddenly become so merry, it would be useless to try to drop a serious word in its ear. But others may perhaps see the difference, if its hysterical condition prevents its perception. Mr. Alger, as it knows now, and dare no longer deny, did compare Christ and Buddha, and did put the latter in doctrine ahead of the Lord Jesus. He faithfully commends all of Buddha. He faithfully condemns much of Christ.

THE HERALD carefully discriminated in the work of *The Independent*, and as carefully stated the work it did aright was "the work and word of Christianity." When Mr. Alger makes Buddha a pupil or a prophet of Christ, and shows that whatever good thing he said and did—and he undoubtedly did do and say some good things—was "the work and word of Christianity," and also as carefully shows his errors (which certainly are very small in *The Independent* as compared with Mr. Buddha or Mr. Alger), in the light of the whole claim of the Son and the Word of God, the parallel of *The Register* and *THE HERALD* will be perfect, and we shall feel at liberty to make merry with our returning and repentant prodigal. Till then its mirth, like that of the departing prodigal, is over its wasting substance, away from the Father's house, and among the violent foes of Christ and his Gospel.

SPARE THE CHILD.—*The Charleston Advocate* makes an earnest cry for life. We as earnestly entreat that it be heard and heeded. It was established when our numbers there were but a handful. It has helped their growth to a score of thousands. It has prospered and done most excellent service for the church and the cause man, of aiding largely in the very victory that our bishops in their congratulatory address to Gen. Grant commend. It has aided largely in making South Carolina the leading State of the South, if not of the country, in true republicanism and democracy. It was recognized by the General Conference, and put on a level with the two other journals, one at New Orleans, one to be established. Both of these will still be supported. Why should *The Charleston* be destroyed? We beg our Western agents, large souled brethren as they are, not to take this little ewe lamb from the bosom of this struggling but most faithful church. We beg the bishop in charge, who has sustained so ably the cause in New Orleans, not to let this right arm of the Southern church work be palsied. This department has suffered greatly since the sickness of Bishop Baker for a permanent Episcopal friend and adviser. The middle South has been constantly watched over by Bishop Clark. The Southwest has been fostered by its popular chief, Dr. Newman, while the no less successful and important South Carolina department, more successful in not a few respects, has failed to obtain as continued attention from especial overseers. Bishop Ames has it now in charge. He knows no South, no North, no East, no West, in his care and zeal for the churches. We trust he will help them preserve their beloved and successful paper. We hope also that ministers from other parts of the work than New England will be sent thither. Atlantic men should go to the Southwest, and Western men to the Southeast. The more we distribute our forces, the more we strengthen the work. The brethren in charge of the paper pledge themselves to conduct it for the \$2,000 per year which the General Conference required. They are doing a great work for the church through its instrumentality. They should be sustained. God will more surely prosper *The Atlanta Advocate*, if we do not take away *The Charleston's* pittance. Let both be fostered, and God will give each, if faithful to Him, an equal blessing.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER for the Conversion of the World will begin this year on the first Sabbath of January, and continue over the Sabbath following. The American Branch of the Christian Alliance have issued the following programme. We trust it will be adhered to, and that great blessings may everywhere attend this universal act of Christian devotion.

Sunday, January 3.—Sermons. Subject: The intercession of the "High Priest over the house of God" the motive and model of united prayer. Heb. x. 19-22.

Monday, Confession of Sin, and Thanksgiving for special and general mercies, during the past year, to nations, churches, and families.

Tuesday, Nations: For their temporal and spiritual prosperity; edifying intercourse and the maintenance of peace; for increased openings for the Gospel; for the removal of social evils; for the better observance of the Lord's day, and for kings and all in authority.

Wednesday, Families: For children of Christian parents; for blessing on home influence; for all scholars of Christian learning—universities, colleges, and schools; for Sunday schools, and private instruction; for our youth abroad, and for a blessing on Christian literature.

Thursday, The Church: For more knowledge of God's Word and increase of spiritual life; for sound and faithful preaching adapted to rich and poor; growing love to Christ; a more earnest love to Christians of varied name and of all nations, and for the sending forth of more laborers into the harvest.

Friday, Missions: For the conversion of the Heathen and Mohammedans; for the growth of missionary zeal; for the removal of hindrances to preaching the Gospel among all nations; for recent converts, and for all who are suffering persecution for the truth.

Saturday, General: For the conversion of Israel; for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures; for Christian and philanthropic societies, and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on Christians and Christian churches throughout the world.

Sunday, Sermons. Subject: The duty of the Christian church in relation to the religious wants of the world.

READ the whole grand hymn of Milton. It is the sublimest poem on the birth of Christ ever written, and by a very fair-faced, girlish youth of only twenty-one, then in college at Cambridge. Thus he describes its conception and composition to his friend Diodati, of Geneva:

But if you will know what I am myself doing (if indeed you think it is of so much consequence to know if I am doing anything), here is the fact: We are engaged in singing the

heavenly birth of the King of Peace, and the happy age promised by the holy books, and the infant cries and cradling in a manger under a poor roof of that God who rules, with his Father, the Kingdom of Heaven, and the sky with the new-sprung star in it, and the ethereal choirs of hymning angels, and the gods of heathen old suddenly fleeing to their endangered fanes. This is the gift which we have presented to Christ's natal day. On that very morning, at daybreak, it was first conceived. The verses, which are composed in the vernacular, await your criticism; you shall be the judge to whom I shall recite them.

Their rich fullness of faith and salvation are especially fitted for this hour when all over the country great meetings are being held to lower His claims and destroy the efficacy of His salvation. Strengthen your hearts with its sacred ecstasies.

THE Wesleyan University Alumni Club will hold their annual reunion at the Revere House, Wednesday evening, Dec. 30th. Rev. Dr. Cummings and the college Professors are expected to be present. All the Alumni, and all who were ever connected with the University, are invited. As it is desirable to know for how many to provide, will those who intend to be present send word immediately to the Secretary?

HON. ELIAS MERWIN, President.

JOHN C. RAND, No. 3 Cornhill, Secretary.

NOTES.

A good turn was thus made in the late British canvass: Mr. Dalglish gave a smart answer to an election "heckler" at a meeting held in Glasgow on Wednesday night. In the course of the heckling he asked a question upon the game-laws, when some one shouted out, "There is no game in Glasgow." Mr. Dalglish promptly replied, "I beg to tell the honorable gentleman that there is game in Glasgow, and I am the unfortunate victim."

Prof. Huxley says the bed of the Atlantic Telegraph is a smooth level chalk road, a continuation of the English chalk cliffs. That accounts probably for the fact that the English have chiefly traversed this road by wire and by vessel the last little above the track, and that she has annexed nearly all the country at this end of the road to her domains. Dr. Draper should put this in his history.

Chief Justice Chase has again surprised the nation by deciding that the amendment to the Constitution which allowed those engaged in rebellion to be restored to their rights, covers the case of Jefferson Davis and prevents his trial for treason. Mr. Dana, the prosecutor for the Government, pleaded ably against this position, and showed that was not the intent of the authors of the amendment, nor its just effect. But Mr. Chase has determined to thus please his new friends, and he has gone up to the whole bench with this opinion, which he will doubtless carry through that body. As Jefferson Davis would in no case suffer punishment, it makes but little matter on whose plea he escapes from the clutches of the court.

The abduction case of Mary Ann Smith will not fail of being prosecuted, although her chief friend has been suddenly called from the duties of earth to the rest of heaven. One of the witnesses that charged her with immorality has confessed that he was paid for it by her own father. How unnatural does this faith make its devotees. A father can ruin the good name of his daughter to keep her in the clutch of the priest. This confession vindicates the course of Dr. Mattison. The case will be faithfully prosecuted.

Efforts are being strongly put forth to divide the temperance members of the legislature and rob them of the chief offices. If such efforts succeed it will work great harm to the cause. Nobody in the State doubts the superior claims of Judge Pitman to the Presidency of the Senate; whether in the cause he has served, or in his abilities or experience as a legislator. We entreat prohibitionists not to let local combinations entangle them so that these most important seats shall pass into the hands of their enemies.

The cheapest and best Christmas or New Year's present that you can make is a year's subscription to *THE HERALD*. Give it to some poor brother or sister, or if you know none send the money to us and we will see that it finds such a home and heart.

The most beautiful little Christmas gift for bereaved parents is Rev. Mr. Cuyler's tribute to his George, *The Empty Crib*. A saintly bunch of white lilies is it from full hands and hearts.

The National Orphan's Asylum at Gettysburg, has Bishop Simpson for its president. Will he please inform the church if it is wisely and frugally conducted by the gifts of others? It ought to be thoroughly organized and issue frequent reports. Many fear that its age nts are simply supporting themselves.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Henry W. Warren's lecture on "The Forces in the Sunbeam," is one of the most brilliant and popular ever delivered in this vicinity. It is just the kind of presentation of a scientific theme that a general audience demands, in which facts are clothed in attractive language, warming at times into rare eloquence, and illuminated with delicate scintillations of wit. He could not be dull on any subject, much less in handling a sunbeam.

Bishop Simpson was detained by sickness from his New England lecturing. We trust he will be speedily restored, and will soon favor us with his animating presence.

Rev. Mr. Chapman, pastor of the Tremont Street Church, was the chaplain at the dinner given Gen. Grant by the city authorities. His is said to have been the only speech of the evening.

The friends of Prof. Larrabee and wife, formerly of the Indiana Asbury University, are seeking funds to raise monuments to their memory. They had many friends in New England, their birth-place. Please send your gifts large or small by the first of January next to Geo. W. Hoss, Bloomington, Indiana, chairman of the committee.

Our old friend Robert Laird Collier is lecturing in this vicinity on the comical career of a great genius. Probably an autobiography.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 17, 1868.

IN MEMORIAM.

To-day the House of Representatives honored itself in paying the customary honors to the late Thaddeus Stevens. Formal as are the usual rhetorical tributes to the memories of its deceased members, and disgusting as it often is to hear men eulogized for public virtues and services whose public career was blotted with falsehood to liberty and treachery to humanity, it is still more refreshing by way of contrast, to listen when men strive fittingly to honor some lofty one—a true son of Anak—in Liberty's Defense at least.

Such were the memorial ceremonies in the case of Henry Winter Davis. Such also were those had to-day. Perhaps the most gratifying fact about them was the eagerness with which the leading members, who had served with the gallant and glorious old soldier and servant of civilization, sought opportunity to give their tribute of respect to his manes, and their estimate of his character. Fifteen were selected out of nearly thirty, who desired to speak. All but Mr. Dickey, his successor, were limited to fifteen minutes each. The member for Lancaster spoke for nearly an hour, commanding the close attention of the House, a rare tribute to his subject. For it could not have been the eulogist's eloquence,—that being execrable. Some one suggested that Mr. Dickey's tone and manner could be compared to nothing else than a mournful man with a very bad cold trying to talk in a damp vault. But the matter of his oration was worthy his subject, being a clear analysis and statement of Mr. Stevens' life and characteristics, which rose at times into eloquence, and sometimes swelled into harmony of word and thought. It will read exceedingly well.

Among the other eulogies that were delivered, Judge Kelley's and Gen. Ashley's were very noticeable—the latter especially so. Fitting and notable were the words of Mr. Vidal, representative from Louisiana,—who with genuinely French fervor (he is a creole of French descent) gave fiery expression to the love and reverence with which the name and memory of the "Great Commoner" must ever associate itself in the hearts of the Southern loyalists.

SPANISH AFFAIRS.

and their present position are likely to occupy the attention of Congress in some degree. Mr. Sumner has introduced a resolution, which he has since amended in not a stronger manner, that extends sympathy with Spain, and welcomes her people to the adoption of liberal institutions. Why could he not have said at once republican? Gen. Thayer, of Nebraska, moved to substitute the definite word for the weak or evasive one. Mr. Sumner's diplomacy is not as ringing and clear as his home policy. The European Republicans claim, and justly too, that we are indifferent to their progress, and oftener than not throw cold water on their efforts. I have seen within a few days letters from Europe declaring that the constant declarations of the American press, that the Spaniards are not fit for republican institutions, have done more than anything else to prevent the success of Republicanism there. A French gentleman here, well acquainted with Spanish affairs, said to-day in reference to Gen. Prim, "O, he is an adventurer who wants to be an Emperor. If that's impossible, he'd consent to be Dictator for life; and failing that, he would accept a Republican Presidency with a coup d'etat reservation." The Spanish soldiers who have obtained the lead while dictating many reforms, have yet falsified their promise, in that they have pronounced in advance of the people's verdict, for a form of government other than a Republic, which shrewd observers now in Spain write here, would have likely been adopted by voice of the people had there been no attempt to forestall. "Liberal institutions," as Mr. Sumner suggests, would be the setting up of another puppet to be again overthrown by another revolution. Americans will have to learn that they do not possess all the capacity for Republican institutions there is left in the world. Men naturally run to Democracy. All primary forms of political organization run to that type, and communities have to be educated by circumstances into others. We have got to learn also that Republican institutions include duties as well as rights, and that there is a solidarity as well of interests, which affects one's successes as well as one's struggles. Let us have a hearty expression of our feeling and hope that the Spanish people will understand that monarchy is effete, and Republicanism only means progress, order, permanent peace. Gen. Butler will urge the amendment suggested, and press upon the declaration of our sympathy with a desire to see Republicanism established elsewhere than among ourselves.

OUR TORY DIPLOMAT.

Mr. Seward finds nobody to send on his secret mission but those who were his antagonists when he was true, and who are reactionaries, bankers, or dilutants. During the war, Archbishop Hughes or Thurlow Weed, Sanford at Brussels, or Evarts from New York, were his chief agents. Since we have the key-hole policy, or that represented by the American Consul at Rome fighting against Garibaldi. Now Caleb Cushing and Reverdy Johnson are chief supporters. Cushing has gone to Bogota to negotiate with that Republic for the passage of aid and construction through its dominions of an interoceanic ship canal. Could no man, able to do that work, and yet faithful to the liberty-loving policy of America, be found to send? Truly diplomacy is a curious muddle, and treachery to one's life ought hereafter to be known only as Sewardism.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The past few months in Washington have been full of activities relating to moral and religious efforts. The temperance movement has been pushed forward energetically, and with a good degree of activity. Out-door meetings were held on every fair evening for several months past, and the various organizations have increased largely during the same period.

The Young Men's Christian Association also held open air religious and prayer meetings, and with considerable good results. They are increasing as an organization, and doing well. The fine building now being built for their use approaches completion, and will soon be ready for occupation.

The Memorial Church is not yet completed, though the work continues active. The Rev. Dr. De Haas displays great energy in his supervision of this enterprise. The Plymouth (Congregational) Church building is not yet completed, though a fine auditorium is occupied by the congregation. The unfortunate troubles in this society do not seem to retard the work, and the congregation grows in numbers in despite of the dispute.

The colored ministry have yet gained a most important accession here in the person of the Rev. J. Sella Martin, who is now preaching in the 15th Presbyterian Church, formerly that of the Rev. Henry Highland Garnet. Mr. Martin has but recently returned from England, where he has for several years past been laboring for the freedman, as well as preaching to an English congregation at Brompton. He is a man of rare eloquence, fine abilities, and more than average culture. It is understood that he will remain here. KOSMOS.

The Methodist Church.

Information from any of our churches for this department will be gratefully received and acknowledged.

EAST SOMERVILLE.—The brethren of the East Somerville M. E. Society are enjoying refreshing times in their chapel on Tufts. Last Sunday evening, despite the unfavorable state of the weather, the chapel was well filled with a serious and attentive audience; some ten or twelve came forward in response to the invitation of the pastor, and some were enabled by divine grace to lay hold upon the promises of God and eternal life. We noticed several brethren from other churches in the vicinity in the meeting on Sunday evening, and hope they will carry with them some sparks of the divine fire which shall kindle a flame in their societies which shall envelop all Somerville in a halo of gospel light.

DEDICATION.—W. H. H. Pillsbury, Kittery, gives the following notice:—The new Methodist Episcopal Church at Kittery Fore Side, will be dedicated on Thursday, December 31st. The dedication services will be in the morning, commencing at 10 1-2 o'clock. Sermon by Rev. J. Colby, Presiding Elder, Portland District. Sale of pews in the P. M., and a watch meeting in the evening. We cordially invite our ministerial brethren of Maine and New Hampshire to be present and assist in the exercises.

DEDICATION.—The M. E. Society in Newport, N. H., will dedicate their church recently enlarged and improved, Thursday, Dec. 31. Sermon by Rev. L. D. Barrows, D.D., of Sanborn Bridge. Services to commence at half-past one o'clock, P. M. Neighboring clergymen and friends are cordially invited.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—Rev. D. C. Babcock writes: "Yesterday was our mission Sabbath. Bro. Parker, of the India Conference, spoke morning and evening. We took our subscriptions in the morning, and box collections afternoon and evening. The sum total is four hundred and five dollars and five cents. We shall have a little to add to that from our Sabbath School. As it now stands we are \$193 in excess of last year, and \$85 in advance of any collection that has been taken here so far as I know. We hope other churches in the N. H. Conference will go above us."

ROCKPORT.—Rev. J. H. Ames speaks for himself: "Your types last week locate me and my society at Rockport, Me. I should not have noticed this, but sometime since when Beverly and Stoneham were brought out prominently, Rockport was put down as Rockland, and so went the rounds of THE HERALD and Advocates. The fact is we are in old Massachusetts, at the tip end of Cape Ann, four miles from Gloucester. We need money to finish our church and to pay for what we have already done. As this is the gift season, will not some, even many, remember, the struggling band at Rockport, Mass., and forward some token of regard that shall cheer our hearts, and help us on in our work of love?"

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Rev. L. D. Barrows writes: "Quite extensive revivals are in progress in Lisbon, Sandwich and Wolfboro'. Reports indicate that not less than two hundred have recently entered upon a religious life in these three towns. Several other towns are sharing in smaller, but hopeful revival influences."

NASHUA, N. H.—Rev. George Bowler, writes:—"We are enjoying a blessed revival in Main Street charge. About seventy have presented themselves at the altar for prayers within a few weeks past, and the interest seems to be on the increase. Our beautiful church which we thought would be large enough for many years to come, is filled to repletion; nearly every seat is rented, and the demand for seats is constant. The whole movement here has been a perfect success, and we hope and pray that God will continue to crown us with his blessing."

The Light Street M. E. Church edifice, dedicated in 1797 by Bishop Asbury, will be removed in a short time, to give place to street and business improvements. The congregation expect to realize \$100,000 for the property.

We learn that the Metropolitan Church, Washington, will be dedicated on Sunday, March 1, Bishop Simpson preaching in the morning and Rev. W. M. Punshon in the afternoon.

Bishop Kingsley's eldest daughter was married at Cleveland, on the 18th, to Mr. T. A. Arter.

A gracious revival is in progress in Kingwood Methodist Episcopal Church, Newark Conference, the Rev. J. Irvine, pastor. More than thirty have sought the prayers of the church, twenty-four of whom have professed conversion. The work has begun in great power.

The Methodist Society of Austin, Nevada, has just erected a brick edifice at an expense of \$50,000.

Morris Chapel congregation, Cincinnati, proposes building a splendid church edifice next summer, in that city, to be called the St. Paul's.

The Springfield Republican gives the following account

of the dedication of the new church at Westfield, West Parish, Mass., of which its pastor wrote a preliminary notice a few weeks ago:

The Methodist Church at West Parish, Westfield, tore down their old meeting house some time ago, and on the 10th dedicated a new one. Rev. Daniel E. Chapin, of Waltham, preached the dedicatory sermon from Matthew xxii. 42: "What think ye of Christ?" The other speakers were Revs. S. O. Brown, the pastor, Joseph Woodbury, M. C. Chapin, N. J. Merrill, and J. H. Mansfield. The M. E. Church began preaching at the West Parish in 1794, and in 1800 a church was organized by the famous Billy Hibbard. The first meeting-house was dedicated in 1829, Rev. Jefferson Hascall, officiating. The station was one of the four preaching places on the "Granville circuit," which embraced a territory 50 miles square, and belonged to the New York Conference. In 1842 West Parish, or "Hoop-pole," as it was so well known, became a distinct station. The new house of worship is built a short distance from the site of the old one, and opposite the old "tavern stand." The tavern itself—a place of broils and "hard-drinking ditties"—is remodeled into a neat parsonage, in keeping with the attractive meeting-house. The cost of this moral reform is about \$5,000, the last \$750 of which was raised by a contribution at the close of the exercises. A large number of persons were in attendance.

Our Bishops have issued the following address to Gen. Grant on his election to the Presidency:

As our fathers congratulated Washington on his accession to the Presidency, so would we congratulate you. Interest, duty, and gratitude combined to induce the nation to call you to the Chief Magistracy. The qualities which you have displayed in the field are those which are specially demanded in the cabinet, and the glory which crowns your arms will, we trust, be succeeded by the higher glory that will crown your counsels. The principles which have triumphed in your election, executed with the calm wisdom and undeviating steadiness which have marked your military movements, must result in the restoration of the States to their proper relations, business to its proper channels, rights to all citizens, peace to all our borders, and the national honor to its proper eminence in all the markets and courts of the world. As a matter of feeling, not merely of form, we desire to express to you our determination to pray for your health, happiness, success, and salvation, and our hope that your spirit and example, both in public and private, may evince the faith of a Christian. From your lofty eminence a holy life may be felt with power to the remotest extremities of the land, and through all the ages to come. Trusting that from the hour of your inauguration justice will everywhere through the land secure quick, call forth capital, stimulate industry, energy, and invention, and that the nation will steadily rise to a higher, nobler, more Christian civilization, we are, sir, your obedient servants.

WASHINGTON.—Our special correspondent from Washington writes:

There has been a good degree of religious prosperity in several of the M. E. Churches in this city and vicinity for a number of weeks past, and many have made a public profession of religion, and connected themselves with the people of God. In Ryland Chapel, East Washington Church, and McKendree Chapel, the work has been more marked and powerful than in the other charges of the city, although nearly all of them have had some refreshing mercy-drops fall upon them. In Ryland Chapel, after a protracted effort of six weeks about sixty were added to the church. At the East Washington charge it is announced that more than one hundred have been converted since the revival commenced, and nearly that number have been received into the church. That church, which was organized by the lamented Bishop Vaughn during the first years of his ministry, now numbers some 600 members, and was never more prosperous than now, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Mr. Holliday.

The revival at McKendree Chapel has been going on now for nine weeks with great success. About one hundred have made a public profession, so far, including all classes; in some cases whole families were converted. This is said to be one of the most powerful revivals ever witnessed in that justly celebrated revival church.

The Rev. Mr. Krebs, the preacher in charge, is about closing up a successful three years' pastorate with that people much to the regret of all.

At Wesley Chapel extra revival meetings commenced a week ago last Sabbath, and the indications now are that glorious results will be realized there also before the meetings shall close.

The preachers here are beginning to make arrangements for the meeting of the Baltimore Annual Conference, which is to hold its next session in the Foundry Church, commencing on the 3d of March, Bishop Clark presiding. It is thought that the session will be more interesting than usual, owing to the large increase of its members by the recent division of the East Baltimore Conference.

It is also anticipated that there will be here at that time a large number of ministerial brethren from abroad, to witness the inauguration ceremonies of Gen. Grant.

The Virginia Conference holds its next session at the same time at Alexandria, six miles below here, Bishop Ames presiding. The Rev. Dr. Newman, of New Orleans, recently spent a few days with us, and on the Sabbath preached two most eloquent and powerful sermons at the Foundry Church to an immense crowd of people, including Gen. Grant, Chief Justice Chase, and numerous other distinguished men. It is whispered about that the Doctor will probably become a resident here at an early day, and assume charge of one of our prominent M. E. Churches. We trust that the rumor may prove to be true.

Dr. Harris, the Assistant Secretary of the Missionary Society, was here on Wednesday, making arrangements for the anniversary of the Parent Missionary Society, which is to be held here on the 10th of January, when sermons will be preached on the Sabbath in all our churches, and the annual collections taken up. Bishops Simpson and Ames were here yesterday, looking after the interests of the new Metropolitan Church. It was arranged to have it completed, all but the lofty spire, so as to have the dedicatory services take place about the 4th of March. C. C. B.

Let those who get their papers in season remember that the Lasell Seminary have a fine Concert at their chapel in Auburndale on Wednesday evening, Nov. 23d. Camilla Urso and other celebrities give the choicest bits of the masters with voice and viol. Tickets one dollar.

THE SECULAR WORLD.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

On the 18th and 19th eulogies were pronounced in Congress on the character of the late Thaddeus Stevens. The Senate disapproved of the President's financial recommendations by a vote of 42 to 6. Spanish affairs were debated on the same day. The bill providing for the resumption of specie payments was explained and supported by its author, Senator Winter, on the 16th. Bills to abolish the franking privilege, to repeal the act admitting Georgia, to provide for the payment of claims of loyal citizens in the Southern States, were introduced on the 18th.

Some innocent people seem to be astonished at the developments that are made in reference to the Alaska bribery case, supposing that the transaction was as fair and honest as the purchase of a ten-cent lump of ice on a hot July noon. It is a pity that good people have to be swindled before they find out that it is as natural for "man to betray" as to breathe.

Dr. Nathaniel B. Shurtleff, the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Boston, was re-elected on the 14th by a plurality of 1839,—an increase of 1323 over last year. Hon. E. L. Norton was elected Mayor of Charlestown; Hon. N. Pierce, of Newburyport; J. P. Folsom, of Lowell; Hon. J. Blake, of Worcester, re-elected for the fourth term.

The police of Boston have been instructed by the Board of Aldermen to prosecute all persons selling intoxicating liquors without license or contrary to the terms of their licenses; a course of action that will be very gratifying to those who have licenses. When will the law, in all its absolute majesty, sweep every rum-hole off the face of the land, and deliver us from the hellish curse that is blighting and blasting us as with a mildew. Why play with the enemy when we should set our heel on him?

The weather up to the present has been remarkably seasonable. Clear and cold—moderately cold,—but no snow. While our neighbors in New Hampshire and Vermont are skimming the earth over the frost crystals, we are still rumbling along on wheels. Saturday was the coldest day of the season, the thermometer approaching zero, in this vicinity.

On the 12th there was a delegation of Sac and Fox Chiefs to the President, petitioning for the removal of an Agent, Albert Wiley, whom they accuse of a series of the most abominable extortions and misdemeanors that any man can be guilty of, the bare recital of which is enough to cause any honest man to almost justify the Indians in their sanguinary methods of obtaining redress. How is it that the Canadian Government has no trouble with the red men? Because it deals fairly with them. We are glad this question is being aired by our "reformers" and others. We have no question but what in time the "poor Indian" must succumb to the onward steps of civilization,—he must go down, but he should be let down gently, and not so abruptly as to break his bones.

The Cuban revolutionists are committing serious depredations on the crops,—carrying off the coffee and feeding their horses on sugar cane. They are also charged with other excesses. The Cuban Government is making preparations for a grand movement on the revolutionary forces.

The trouble between the Greek and Turkish governments deepens, and a war between the two powers is not improbable. The London Times says that Greece is the aggressive power, and another source charges her with beginning the existing hostilities. Warlike preparations are going forward in both countries, and there appears little reason to hope for a harmonious settlement of the pending difficulties.

Spain is quiet. Order has been restored. The elections for members of the Spanish Cortes will take place first in the cities. An earthquake visited Gibraltar yesterday.

Mr. Beverdy Johnson has defended his familiarity with our English enemies in a letter to the Workingmen's Society of London, and has made a speech in which he says that the sentiments of Lord Clarendon on the Alabama claims question are identical with those held by Lord Stanley.

Children's Magazines.

Outward. Mayne Reid's New Magazine, Carlton, New York, is a very pretty journal, full of exciting stories. The vehement school of the Pirate's Own Book is served up at last for children. Mercury on the top of a globe is its figure-head. The trouble is that every step Mercury takes "onward" on the globe is downward. We trust it will not be so with the Magazine. Capt. Reid promises to make his stories and travels instructive and moral, as they will undoubtedly be interesting. We hope his merits and success will be equally good.

Young Folks begins the year handsomely except the opening story of a Bad Boy, by Aldrich, in which the boy brags that he don't love to give money to the missions or go to Sunday School. That's not the talk for a boy's magazine. Miss Larcom must make her first story correspond better with her last, which is a beautiful story of a child's death bed, a touch of humanity and Christianity which the Riverside lacks. Mr. Aldrich shows that he means what he says, since he puts in the editorial notes of Every Saturday a fling of the *Pall Mall Gazette* against Spurgeon's children's meetings. "Dr. Hayes, in his Arctic Cabin," the first picture of *Young Folks*, is very good. The Riverside has a fine frontispiece of a children's sleigh-ride, which will set all the city children longing for the snow. Hans Christian Andersen begins the volume with a story entitled "The Court Cards." H. E. Scudder gives a pretty sketch of Bethlehem. "Hunting in South America," "Battle of New Orleans," and many other pleasant things fill up its pleasant pages. *Golden Hours*, our new Methodist child's monthly, is a very neat magazine, with excellent stories full of religion. All the children will love it. Its first picture is the Christmas Tree. A little more size and variety to its pictures will be an improvement. It has a grand field. Let it be the best looking, and it will soon be the largest in circulation of all its rivals. It can have fifty thousand subscribers as well as five. Let it make itself by outlay of money in writers and engravings what the rest do, and it will soon outstrip them.

Prang's chromos are among the best Christmas gifts.

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS.—We presented last week the missionary appropriations for 1890—the sum total of which was \$850,000. We also gave the sums appropriated to the six New England Conferences, which amounted to \$13,800.

The time is approaching for taking our annual missionary collections. We trust that the missionary spirit will show itself in the New England Conferences as never before, and that the contributions will exceed in their amounts those of any previous year. Do not forget, brethren, that we are to receive *thirteen thousand and eight hundred dollars* of what we raise, to be expended in our New England home missionary work. We need twice this amount, and we shall get it as soon as the funds will allow. Circulate freely the *Missionary Advocate* among the people, and give the first Sabbath evening each month to a missionary concert, and they will help to swell the missionary collections. Read the following missionary intelligence, and rejoice in what the Lord is doing in the great mission field.

SAMOA—OR NAVIGATOR'S ISLAND.—The *London Missionary Chronicle* contains the following cheering intelligence of the wonderful success of the gospel in one of the missions of the *London Missionary Society*, of which it is the organ:

When the first band of missionaries, appointed by the Board of Directors of the London Missionary Society to labor on Samoa arrived in 1836, they found the people everywhere ready to welcome them, and receive their message; and now after thirty years of labor, what are the results? They are these: the whole nation (35,000) professes Christianity; heathenism, and to a great extent, heathen practices have been abolished; the whole Bible has been carefully translated into their language, and it has long been in circulation among them; a third or more of the population can read. About five thousand adults are united to the church fellowship, and some four thousand more, candidates for the same privilege; more than two hundred of the male members are preachers of the gospel to their fellow islanders, and many have gone as pioneer missionaries to distant groups and islands, where they have been instrumental in planting the gospel. Native contributions are made annually for the support of the native teachers amounting in local value to about \$10,000, and for years past \$5000 per annum in cash has been contributed towards the funds of the Society which sends them their missionaries. A large training institution for preparing a native pastorate has been in operation twenty-two years. These people are a remarkably tall, fine-looking and intelligent race.

WHAT THE CHRISTIAN WORLD PAYS FOR THE SUPPORT OF MISSIONARIES AMONG THE HEATHEN.—Is the church doing her duty in converting this world to Jesus Christ? What is she contributing of her vast wealth for this object?

The income of the missionary societies of England, America, Germany, France, etc., for 1890, was \$4,425,000. This sum, though large in the aggregate, bestows less than five mills for each of the 965,000,000 souls of the earth's population who are Pagans, Mohammedans or Jews.

Will the professed followers of Jesus be satisfied with these statistics?

AN INTERESTING MISSION.—Mr. Gomez, a native of Ceylon, has for about fifteen years been laboring among the Dyaks of Borneo, a race whose rank in society used to be measured by the number of human skulls gathered as trophies of their prowess. From this people he has collected about three hundred converts to Christianity. This gentleman has been laboring under the patronage of the English "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel," and the disciples are living near Sarawak, under the government of Raja Brooks. Mr. Gomez was educated at the Bishop's College in Calcutta, is an able man, and a thorough classical scholar.

BURMAH MISSION TO THE SHANS.—The Baptist mission among the Shans is doing much in civilizing and Christianizing this strange people. The missionaries visit them at their villages, and are generally well received and ready to listen to Christian instruction. Large numbers have been converted, and many are inquiring after the way of life. They are, however, strongly attached to their heathen customs. Respecting the women, one of the missionaries writes as follows in *The Missionary Magazine*:

The women ornament themselves in a peculiar manner. The hair is brought up and knotted on the top of the head, and adorned with wooden pins, chains of beads and strings of small silver coin. Brass rings, to the weight of six and seven pounds, are worn upon the neck in such a way that it is stretched and drawn up to an unnatural length, the chin protruding and shoulders pressed down. They have a bold look and manner, which is far from agreeable.

CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

Baptist Church.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.—*The Era* gives us the following in reference to what is being done by our active and sincere brethren (although we may not communicate with them) in and around Boston:

The Second Church, Rev. Dr. Eddy, pastor, has invited Rev. Mr. Earle to hold a series of meetings with them. He has accepted the invitation, and will commence his labors there on the 17th of December. The Shawmut Avenue Church, Rev. Dr. Hague, pastor, are having a special religious meeting of the Boston South Association with them this week. The pastor of the Charles Street Church is preaching a course of lectures to young people, and Rev. Mr. Foljambe, at Harvard Street Church, is doing the same thing. The new house of the old Rowe Street Church is progressing finely, and the lecture room will be used in April next. The Bethel Church, in its sadness, is beginning to inquire who can be found to preach to the sons of the Sea. May God direct them in their effort. The new house of the South Church is attracting a large audience, and its comforts and conveniences are much admired.

The place of worship in Beverly is approaching completion. It is a beautiful edifice.

The church in Melrose is without a pastor.

They are thinking of organizing a Baptist church in Stoneham, in which town there is none at present.

Hyde Park is to have a new church edifice.

Going from Lambertville up the Delaware river, on the New Jersey side, only thirteen miles, and into the country only twelve miles, you find no less than nine Baptist churches, seven of whom have erected new houses of worship within the last six or seven years.

Presbyterian Church.

The Union Theological Seminary, of New York city, has recently received a donation to its library of great value. The family of the late Rev. Dr. Field, of Stockbridge, have presented to that institution his entire collection of pamphlets, together with quite a number of other rare and valuable volumes. The volumes of pamphlets, which make more than half of the whole number, were gathered by Dr. Field through a long course of years, and by means of an extensive acquaintance both in Massachusetts and Connecticut.

The corner-stone of a new church edifice was recently laid in Brooklyn, N. Y. The building is to be 100 by 74 feet, of Belville (N. J.) stone, trimmed with Ohio sandstone, built in the Norman style, though somewhat modified; to have two towers, and a spire of 200 feet high, and to cost when completed \$25,000. The interior arrangement is somewhat singular in that the pulpit will be on the side of the church, and the altar will, of course run across, instead of lengthwise of the building, and the organ is to be back of the pulpit, but the key-board on the ground floor in front of the pulpit. The well-known Rev. Dr. Duryea is pastor.

The number of Presbyteries in the Old School branch of the church is 142. The constitutional requirement is that the Basis of Union which has been submitted to them for action shall be approved by three fourths of these, or fail. More than one fourth have already voted against the Basis, as submitted, and therefore there is no hope of its approval. It should be said, however, that most of those Presbyteries that have voted against it have resolved to overturn the next Assembly in the plan proposed, they will favor it, and there need not be delay for a new vote. The New School Presbyteries are largely in favor of the Basis as it is, and it is not probable that an agreement will be completed at present. We confess to much grief that the announcement must be made.—*Occident*.

Roman Catholic Church.

WHO GOVERNS NEW YORK?—A late number of the *New York Herald* publishes the following list of public offices said to be held by Irish Roman Catholics in New York city: Sheriff, Register, Controller, City Chamberlain, Corporation Counsel, Police Commissioner, President of the Croton Board, Acting Mayor and President of the Board of Aldermen, President of the Board of Councilmen, Clerk of the Common Council, Clerk of the Board of Supervisors, five Justices of the Courts of Record, all the civil Justices, all but two of the Police Justices, all the Police Court Clerks, three out of four Coroners, two members of Congress, three out of five State Senators, eighteen out of twenty-one members of Assembly, fourteenth-nineteenth of the Common Council, and eight-tenths of the Supervisors. This vast political power is believed to be used in the interests of the Papal Church, securing for its institutions immense grants of valuable real estate from the city, as well as large sums of money. The church thus, in the first place, controls the taxation of city property, and then the appropriation of the millions of revenue received from taxation. It wields the entire legislative power of the city, nine-elevenths of the city's representation in the State Assembly, and three-fifths of its influence in the Senate; it controls all the civil courts, all but two of the Police Courts, and three fourths of the Coroners; and under its all-potent influence are the acting Mayor, the Sheriff, the Register, the Controller, the City Chamberlain, the President and fourteen-nineteenth of the Board of Councilmen, and the President and eight tenths of the Board of Supervision.—*Western Advocate*.

The Romanists are erecting in Canton a cathedral which is to cost \$3,000,000, and another quite as magnificent and costly in Pekin. The Jesuits there are numerous, and adopt the full Chinese dress and habits. They shave the forehead, and not the crown, just as the Chinese shave theirs. Sir John Bowring says that Romanism stands a fair chance to gain possession of the whole country.

A STEP TOWARD TETZEL'S INDULGENCES!—*The Tablet* publishes an appeal from the Bishop of Columbus, which in its tone reminds one very forcibly of the Popish corruptions which drove Luther from the Church of Rome.

This remarkable appeal states that after the consecration of the new cathedral in Columbus, a regular weekly mass of "sacrifice" is to be kept up for the benefit of those who contribute toward the building \$5 or more. But to all who give \$25 or more, a receipt will be sent with the accompanying certificate: "We do hereby certify that your name has been entered as a full sharer in the fruits of a perpetual mass, to be offered every Saturday, not simply for your spiritual and temporal good, but according to your intention; applicable, at your option, to yourself or your friends, living and dead, and an heirloom in your family unto the end."

†SYLVESTER H. ROSECRANS,
Bishop of Columbus, Ohio.

G. H. ARENS, Chancellor.

The Lutheran Church.

We learn from the *Lutheran Observer* that the New York Ministerium, the representative body or "ecclesiastical court" for Lutheranism in the State, has recently acted upon certain doctrinal points submitted to it, and put its action in the following resolutions:

1. Inasmuch as the congregational and Church life in our Synod has not been in the least affected by Chiliasm, we make no other declaration on the subject than that made in our confessional writings.
2. As regards mixed communion, we declare that we will hold no communion, in the Lord's Supper, with those who prove themselves opponents of our doctrine.
3. No one shall be allowed to occupy our pulpits concerning whom the pastor and the congregation shall not have the assurance that he will expound the word of God pure and undebilitated.
4. That no minister who is a member of any secret society can either be or become a member of this Synod.

A few years ago a Bible could not be sold in the Turkish Empire. Now there are 300,000 copies in circulation among the Turks, and there are evidences that they are widely read, and having a marked effect on the religious sentiments of the people. The time is not far distant when even Mohammedan prejudice will yield to the power of God's word, and everywhere it will come into competition with the Koran for popular acceptance.

The Superintendent of the Methodist Mission in Sweden, says that, at his late visit to Carlscrona, from one thousand to twelve hundred people attended the preaching. More than fifty had been added to our church there within a short time. Within a short time scores of people have been converted in Gottenburgh. Their influence is spreading every day, and ought to spread, for the Established Church is a very lifeless affair.

There is a real idol temple erected and formally established in the United States, at Portland, Oregon. The building is completed, and the Chinamen are actively engaged in furnishing it. The vestibule contains two large oil globes, inside of which lamps are burning, so as to show to advantage the heathenish figures painted on the outside.

OUR SOCIAL MEETING.

"S. G. S." opens our meeting well with a brief word on

CHRIST OUR SAVIOUR.

There is such a strong tendency to skepticism at the present day, in the minds of the young, that it becomes an imperative duty for the church of Christ to use all its influence to arrest the progress of this evil. Without faith in the Holy Bible as the word of God we cannot hope for success as a nation, as a community, or as a church, of whatever denomination. The blessed gospel of our Lord and Saviour is a heart religion, to which the intellect cannot fail to yield when the heart is changed by the Holy Spirit. It is rarely if ever that atheism is advocated in this enlightened era. Indeed, I doubt if that man ever lived who sincerely believed there was no God—at least some being to look up to and worship. But there are springing up a class of poor deluded mortals who think they can produce a religion far better than that which cheered their ancestry through life, and comforted and supported them in death. The cry of the Pharisee is theirs, "We will not have this man to reign over us." Alas! that any one should cast from him that which alone supports when all earthly props fail. Why should the name of Jesus (as it oft has done) whisper in the ear of a dying saint, call back his departing spirit for a moment, and light up his eye with joy and hope, if Christ was but a mortal like himself? What will become of our youth, if left to imbibe the infidel doctrines so freely promulgated in our midst? I trust that all the ministers of Christ will use the powers God has given them in contending for a religion which only can purify the heart and prepare us for life's conflicts, and to die in peace.

Rev. Dr. Coggeshall submits these opinions:

BIBLE DICTIONARIES.

I am sometimes asked by young men, "What is the best commentary?" and to which I answer that commentaries, though not useless, are but of little value. They afford me the least satisfaction of any books that I have ever perused. Indeed, I usually rise from their examination with an intense dissatisfaction; and I think that I am not alone in this experience. The Rev. Wm. Bramwell, somewhere in a letter to a friend, says the same thing. The best commentary for a young minister is a knowledge of the original Greek and Hebrew of both testaments. With a thorough knowledge of the meaning of the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth, there is not much else left to know. But where is not a knowledge of the original tongues, a good translation is one of the next best things. For the poetical books and the prophets of the Old Testament, that of Dr. Noyes of Cambridge is the best that I know. It is quite transparent; and that is the most that is wanted.

But Bible Dictionaries I highly esteem. They are invaluable as aids to the proper understanding of the letter of the Scriptures. No minister or Sunday School teacher, or biblical student, should be without one or more. The *Cyclopedia*, biblical, theological and ecclesiastical, of Strong and McClintock, published by the Harpers, is far superior to all others which have yet appeared; and this is but faint praise of this truly learned and remarkable work. It is a perfect *thesaurus* of biblical learning. No Methodist preacher, especially, should be without it. But it is to embrace eight or nine vols., but two of which, embracing only four letters, are yet out. Dr. Smith's original work is very able and valuable. But its size and cost, 3 vols. octavo, at \$16.50, place it beyond the reach of the mass of readers; and even to many of those who can easily afford it, its great show of learning makes this difficulty, and to meet the wants of Bible readers, several enterprising publishers have lately undertaken smaller works, all upon the basis of Dr. Smith's. All of these are highly valuable, and real blessings to the religious public, by whom they deserve to be liberally patronized. But the best of these which I have seen is that published by Dr. Appleton & Co., Grand St., New York, and edited by the Rev. Samuel W. Barnum. This truly admirable book has 1440 words upon a page, with 1219 pages, is illustrated by 800 maps and engravings in print in beautiful type and paper, is bound in the most substantial manner, and in weight—no small criterion, reminds the scholar of the best issues of the English publishers; while its trifling cost, for such a vast amount of information, only \$5, in cloth, and \$6 in sheep, make it a perfect marvel. It will make an excellent Christmas or New Year's present for a congregation to a poor pastor. Its whole value may immediately come back to them in the improved quality of the next sermon. Also, for a Sunday School class to a laborious and faithful teacher, it will at once return to them in the improved flavor of the teaching.

One brother, Rev. J. M. Bailey, of the mission church in Beverly, Mass., stands ready to fill any number of orders for the valuable book, and the proceeds of which will go to the assistance of that infant church. I have sent him my order, and have got the work, and it gives me perfect satisfaction, and I speak from a knowledge of its contents. Who will go and do likewise, and bless both themselves with a precious help to the understanding of God's holy word, and our brother in his noble and self-denying work?

"H." sends a pleasant song of

THE NATION'S CONFLICT.

O when shall freedom's triumph dawn, be crushed oppression's might;
O when shall peace baptize the land with beams of holy light?
Though distant far that radiant morn, or near the light may be,
By all the people's burning hopes the nation must be free.

By all our country's patriot dead who sleep on hill and plain;
By all the homes made desolate, the tears that fell like rain—
By all our fathers strove to win to glorify the land,
O ever may its symbol wave unscathed by treason's hand!

Let not the nation's seal of peace be the red brand of crime,—
For God's own hand that seal shall break in freedom's march sublime;

The compromise of right with wrong shall fall before its flame,
And freedom's triumph shall be won in God's eternal name.
Then peace with ever-brightening smile shall spread from shore to shore.

Where the Pacific's billows swell and fill the Atlantic's roar;
Peace, born of liberty shall reign, and fill the land with rest,
Like that which glorifies above the regions of the blest.

Go sound it at the festal board beneath the stars of night,
And let the winds the burden bear beneath the sun's broad light;

By all our country's patriot dead on mountain, hill and sea;
By all the people's heaven-born hopes the nation must be free!

Rev. R. H. Howard thus comments on the late incident of a death by immersion:—

The probability is that death in this case resulted from congestion of the lungs, produced by the sudden chill incident to the plunge.

Deaths that occur from an unknown cause are generally ascribed to disease of the heart. A committee of physicians at Strasburg, Germany, lately made post mortem examinations of sixty-six persons who had died suddenly, and they found that but two of those deaths were caused by disease of the heart; while nine resulted from apoplexy, and forty-six from congestion of the lungs. Cold feet, tight clothing, coarseness, and sudden chill are mentioned as frequent causes of such congestion.

Is it at all probable that a God of infinite wisdom and goodness would ordain an ordinance which could thus be practised only at the imminent risk of health, and even life? According to good old Richard Hooker, the laws of God written in the divinely constituted reason of men are no less divine and authoritative than those supernaturally revealed in the Scriptures. And we beg to know what hint or remote intimation does the human understanding afford of any divine law which requires that men shall practice or observe religious ordinances which in their observance, in any degree, expose health or peril life.

THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.

Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

The editor of this department has a lecture on "Fruit Culture," which he will deliver before Farmers' Clubs and Lyceums on reasonable terms. Address, care of ZION'S HERALD.

Cutting Wood. Now is the time, before the snows get deep, to cut wood for next year's use. The trees can be cut much nearer the ground now than when the snow becomes deep. Pile up the wood, and it will be ready to be hauled away when the sledding is good. In many cases the wood lot, and even the wood road, is so stony that wood cannot well be hauled except on a sled. The wood from swamps can only be secured in winter after they have frozen up. It is of the highest importance that the wood should be hauled up in winter, that the men and boys may work it up at every convenient season, that before spring work comes on the fire wood for next year shall all be either nicely housed or ready to be. No thoughtful man will neglect to provide good dry fuel for daily use.

Sledding out Manure. Let this work be attended to before the snows become too deep. It is often the case that there are fields needing manure that are not easy of access by wheels, but can easily be reached with a sled. Too often such fields are neglected, and the manure is hauled on to fields more accessible. The farmer, as well as the cattle, need to work a little every day, and when everything is favorable it is better to do this work. If it can well be done, cover up the heaps so made; but it is not easy to do so. Some cover with poor hay to prevent the constant freezing and thawing of the manure. Sand or loam, if it can be obtained, is very good. It is a most excellent time, when there is snow on the ground, to haul manure on to the meadows where wheels cannot go except in mid-summer. Every good farmer will be likely to attend to all these matters, but it will do no harm to jog his memory.

Graveling Meadow Land. No meadow can be fully reclaimed and brought in the very best condition without being thoroughly drained and well dressed with gravel or sand. It is often the case that a plenty of these can be found near the meadow that need the dressing, and when such is the case we advise a liberal use of the same. Some prefer gravel to sand, but our experience is in favor of the latter. This work cannot be done at any season of the year so well as in winter, when the ground is tightly frozen, and still better if there comes after such freezing a light snow, just enough to make good slipping. We remember some years ago we graveled or sanded rather, several acres in the winter from a sled. As the sand bank, especially if it has a southern exposure does not freeze hard, it can be worked to great advantage. Put it in heaps and spread it at convenience the next spring, or spread it directly from the sled.

More Small Fruits. We are convinced that farmers generally do not pay enough attention to the cultivation of small fruits. We do not advise any one to abandon the cultivation of the large fruits, as they are called; but then, in many parts of the country, apples, pears, plums and peaches have become such uncertain crops that it will not do for the farmer to depend upon them alone for his fruit. Every farmer should have his table continually supplied with small fruits and berries fresh, from the time currants become fit for use to the end of the season for blackberries—a period of at least three months—with enough besides to preserve to supply his family the balance of the year. Strawberries come first, and they are followed by raspberries, gooseberries, currants and blackberries. The inducements to the cultivation of these are, that they can be successfully cultivated in nearly every section of the country; they are hardy, and they seldom fail, with proper care, to make large yields. A farmer may labor for years to bring apple and peach orchards into successful bearing, and may in the end find that he has received no adequate return for his labor and expense. On the other hand, any farmer can with ordinary skill and attention, and but little cost, in two years have a full supply of the small fruits and berries.—*Farmer's Almanac.*

Experiment in Potato Planting. I last winter obtained one pound of the Early Rose Potato of Mr. Best, and being desirous to make it go as far as possible, I tried an experiment, which proved so satisfactory. I thought it too good to keep. I had heard an old man advise, instead of avoiding cutting through the eyes, to cut through every eye you can. The pound I received contained three potatoes, two of them being of about the same size. In order to make a fair experiment I cut these two potatoes through the middle, taking one half of each for the experiment. On counting I found I had sixteen eyes for each potato. I then cut through the eyes of one potato, making thirty-two pieces, and put one half an eye, or one piece in a hill, and the other sixteen eyes, one eye in a hill. The result was, that from the thirty-two pieces cut from the sixteen eyes, I had forty-five and three quarter pounds; and from the sixteen planted single eyes, nineteen and one quarter pounds; from the small potato planted with a single eye in each place, seventeen and three quarter pounds, making in all from one pound of potatoes eighty-two and three quarter pounds.—*Western Rural.*

Valuable Hint to Grape Growers. At a recent meeting of the Wine Grower's Association of Ohio, Mr. Thompson called the attention of the Association to some very fine bunches of the Creveling grape. It is well known that several of our varieties fail to "set" well, and the consequence is imperfect and loose bunches. The cause of this defect has been supposed to be a deficiency of pollen, and Mr. Thompson remedies it by planting the Creveling alternately with some vine that produces pollen in abundance, such as the Hartford Proflig, Concord, &c. As a general rule we object to making the crop in this way. The labor of gathering the crop is increased, and the difference in the habits of different varieties is such as to render a slightly different system of management advisable in each case.—*Country Gent.*

THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

ELISHA SAFFORD died in Dover, Oct. 1, of a rapid consumption, aged 44 years, 5 months.

When but a little child Bro. Safford was converted, but having no one to counsel him he lost the witness of adoption, and lived till manhood thus. At 30 years of age he publicly professed Christ, and his life has been an even, consistent one ever since. With peculiar emphasis it is remarked of him, "he was a good man." His last sickness was painless, waiting swiftly away; and his soul was calm.

W. W. MARSH.

From their earthly house in Enfield, Conn., three esteemed members of the M. E. Church have been recently removed to the heavenly inheritance.

JOSEPH W. TURPIN died Sept. 24, aged 74 years. When a young man, and residing in Providence, R. I., Bro. T. became a subject of saving grace under the ministry of Rev. B. Othman. He first connected himself with the Congregational Church, but over thirty years ago joined the M. E. Church, of which he remained an attached member to the close of life. Like Nathaniel he was an "Israelite indeed, in whom there was no guile." For nearly half a century he was a loving and faithful follower of Christ, and departed hence with the shout of victory upon his lips.

MRS. JULIA M. HATHAWAY, daughter of I. W. Turpin, and wife of George Hathaway, died Sept. 26, aged 32 years. Sister H. was converted to God at Warehouse Point, when Rev. L. D. Bentley was stationed at that place about thirteen years ago. While favored with good health she was an active and useful laborer in the Lord's vineyard; and when severe affliction came, she seemed to "suffer and grow strong." During her last and protracted sickness she exemplified in an unusual degree "patience and long-suffering with joyfulness." She expired in holy triumph, breathing the precious name of "Jesus."

MISS HARRIET AUGUSTA HATHAWAY, daughter of George Hathaway, died Oct. 30, aged 17 years.

This young disciple found peace in believing at Warehouse Point, during the pastorate of Rev. W. O. Cady. For three years she maintained a consistent Christian character, thereby proving the genuineness of her early conversion. Seized with typhoid fever, she quickly reached the valley of the shadow of death, but the conscious presence of Jesus removed all fear of evil. Her last testimony was very comforting to surviving friends, whose home the triple bereavement has made so desolate, but whose hearts have now a threefold cord to bind them to "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

R. PARSONS.

MRS. NANCY D. BROOKS, widow of the late Jonas Brooks, died at Princeton, Mass., Sept. 13th, 1868, aged 86 years, 3 months.

Sister Brooks was the oldest member of the M. E. Church in this place. She and her husband were among the first to espouse the cause of Methodism at its introduction here by Dr. J. Porter, in 1838. Previous to that date she had been a member of the Presbyterian Church. Methodism found in her a warm friend and earnest defender. She testified her appreciation of it not only in word but in deed, leaving at her death \$1000 to sustain the gospel in the local church with which she was connected, and the balance of her property, over \$5000, to the Missionary Society of the M. E. Church. Her last sickness was long and painful, but the Saviour whom she loved sustained her unto the end. Many and joyous were her testimonies to the power of the religion of Christ to bless in life, and in the immediate prospect of death. For months she the final summons came she would break out in intensest longings from earth and see Jesus. And when the message came, gladly, joyously she hailed it, crying with her expiring breath, "Jesus is with me." Her place is vacant here, but beyond doubt she inhabits a mansion in heaven.

Princeton, Nov. 27.

W. COLE.

RICHARD G. BAILEY died in Bridgton, Me., July 3d, 1868, aged 76 years.

Bro. Bailey sought and found Christ precious to his soul, in the year 1833, under the labors of Rev. Wm. F. Farrington, in Waterford. For many years he sustained the relation of leader and steward in the church of his choice. Of him can be said, what can be said of few. In all his long Christian experience never but once did he neglect to speak and pray when in a social prayer meeting. In his extreme suffering not a murmur escaped his lips; but often would he praise God aloud.

G. F. C.

NATH'L ROUNDS died in Waterford, Me., Aug. 2d, 1868, aged 69 years and 5 months.

Bro. Rounds had for many years been a very exemplary member of the M. E. Church. His Christian life was remarkable for its straightforwardness and uniformity. His hand was ever open to aid in sustaining the institutions of the church. His house was a home for the servants of Christ, as many an itinerant well knows. His sickness was brief and afflictive. On Friday he left his shop; on Saturday became speechless, and Sabbath afternoon his spirit took its flight to the better land. When nearing the river it was discovered by his daughter as she stood by his couch that he was making quite an effort to say, "Glory," but he could not speak.

Bridgton, Me., Dec. 11.

G. F. C.

ISAAC CENTER died in Bridgton, Me., Dec. 6th, 1868, aged 81 years and 6 months.

In early life Father Center obtained a knowledge of sins forgiven, and subsequently united with the M. E. Church, of which he remained a worthy member, till called to his reward. It was ever his delight in his intercourse with friends and neighbors, to speak of Christ, salvation and heaven. As might be expected, after a life devoted to Christ, in his last moments he was not forsaken. To his pastor he remarked a few days before his departure, "My trust is in God." And when his daughter informed him that the physician thought he could not live, and asked him if he did not wish to get well, he replied, "No, if it is God's will I had rather go." So died the Christian.

Bridgton, Me., Dec. 11.

G. F. C.

MRS. MARY PIKE died in Calais, Me., Oct. 28, 1868, aged 84 years.

She was long a very worthy and zealous member of the M. E. Church in Sacarappa, having entered the service of her Divine Master more than fifty years ago. Her testimony for Christ was clear—her faith in God strong—her recollection of mercies received and vows made vivid; so that the promise of a liberal donation to our Conference was remembered and fulfilled just before her exit. As the close drew near she rejoiced in the prospect of meeting her former pastors and Christian associates and loved ones on the brighter shore.

S. H. BRAL.

LOIS FOSTER, wife of Bro. Isaac Foster, died in Winthrop, Me., Oct. 8th, 1868, aged 71 years and 5 months.

Sister F. became a Christian in 1813, and connected herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church in the following year; she had therefore served the church militant for more than half

a century, enjoying in the mean time its help heavenward, when summoned to companionship with the glorified. Those who have been the longest and the most intimately acquainted with the deceased, assure me that her Christian character was of marked symmetry, and her life consistent. If rarely elevated to an exultant stage of feeling, depression was equally rare. The current of her religious life was even, because deep. Such a life furnishes a sure passage of a peaceful death. When prostrated upon what proved to be a bed of death, all was well. With delightful calmness and confidence she approached the river, found the ford, breasted the waves, leaning on the strong Arm, and reached, we doubt not, the other shore in safety.

Winthrop, Me., Dec. 2.

CAPT. NATHAN W. CHASE died in Bangor, Me., Nov. 4th, 1868, aged 65 years. His excellent wife preceded him in entering the heavenly city about 18 months. They were both members of the M. E. Church for many years, and had been connected with the Brick Chapel church about 25 years. They have left a noble example of love for the church in the gift of their excellent house and a fine garden containing a variety of fruit, as a permanent home for the church. The gift becomes immediately available and is a great boon to the society. Capt. Chase was a constant attendant at the house of the Lord, continuing to occupy his place three times on the Sabbath till a short time before his death. He usually spoke in the social meetings of his love for the church and his earnest desire to be approved of Him at last. "Blessed Jesus," was the oft-repeated utterance of his lips as he felt that life was ebbing out, and we have confidence that he "sleeps well" at the end of his long life voyage.

J. B. G.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Dec. 9th, by Rev. L. H. S. Brewster, Mr. William Pasquill to Mrs. Emily Goodnow, both of Boston.
In Chelsea, Dec. 2d, by Rev. A. F. Herrick, Mr. Walter W. Doane, of Boston, to Miss Ellen Sanford of Chelsea, both of Chelsea.
In Chelsea, Dec. 2d, by Rev. A. F. Herrick, Mr. Isaac W. Calkins to Mrs. Elizabeth M. Plummer, both of Chelsea.
In Byfield, Dec. 3d, by Rev. J. F. Means, Mr. Asa Rodgers, Jr. to Miss Rebecca E. Tenney, both of Byfield.
In East Bridgewater, Dec. 6, by Rev. J. F. Sheffield, Benjamin Watson Keith, esp., to Mrs. Helen L. Wing, all of E. B.
In North Yarmouth, Dec. 8, by Rev. N. Hobart, Mr. Robert Bosworth to Miss Harriet H. Blake, both of N. Y.
In Provincetown, Oct. 17, by Rev. S. Leader, Mr. Massaline Sylvia to Miss Louisa Rosa, both of P.; Nov. 8, Mr. Manuel Velaz to Miss Carolina Antonio, both of P.; Nov. 11, Mr. Moses F. Newcomb, of Truro, to Miss Lydia Pratt, both of N. Y.; Nov. 13, Mr. S. Gross to Miss Maria Sudby, both of P.; Dec. 6, Mr. Isaac Collins to Mrs. Matilda H. Nickerson, both of P.; Dec. 10, Mr. Frank Silver to Miss Mary Perry, both of P.
In Cliffdale, Dec. 8, at the M. E. Parsonage, by Rev. J. F. Bassett, Mr. John Cook to Mrs. Abigail Ordway, both of Seaboard.
In Provincetown, Nov. 16, by Rev. C. S. Macreading, Mr. Manuel Francis to Miss Anna Mahoney, both of P.; Dec. 8, Mr. Manuel Francis to Miss Mary J. Williams, both of P.; Dec. 10, Mr. Russell Holway, of Sandwich, to Mrs. Elizabeth Hinchley, of P.
In Calais, Me., Nov. 1st, by Rev. S. H. Beale, James W. Bragg to Mary A. Cusim; also, Nov. 4th, James McManis to Elizabeth M. Chell, all of Calais.
In Wiscasset, Me., Aug. 27th, by Rev. J. N. Marsh, Mr. Wm. H. Nutter to Miss Caroline M. Coffin, both of W.; Nov. 27th, Mr. Alonzo L. Foley to Miss Adriana Kins, both of Westport, Me.; Dec. 1st, Mr. Washington Doeg, of Edgecomb, to Mrs. Susan A. Burnham of W.; Dec. 3d, Mr. Granville Cunningham, of Hallowell, to Miss Julia B. Bailey, of Woolwich.
In Parsonsfield, Me., Dec. 2d, by Rev. W. S. Jones, of Cornish, at the house of Mr. Charles Pendexter, Mr. Almeron Cross, of Stratford, N. H., to Miss Emma W. Cross of Bridgton, Me.
At Calais, Me., Nov. 10th, by Rev. D. G. Ashley, Edward Pettigrew to Emma Augusta Eldridge; Nov. 18th, William H. Avery to Agnes W. Pettigrew; Dec. 3d, Cyrus Avery to Jane K. Perkins.
In Hazzardville, Ct., Nov. 26, by Rev. R. Parsons, Mr. Oramel Simons, of Hallowell, to Miss Lizette F. Taylor, of Boston, Mass.
In Landaff, N. H., Dec. 10, by Rev. J. Mowry Bean, Mr. Henry Dowse, of Northampton, Mass., to Miss Hattie Clough, of Landaff.

DEATHS.

In Chelsea, Dec. 7th, Alice E. Brampton, aged 1 year and 5 months. At home with the blessed Jesus.
The cup of affliction has once, yes, twice of late been pressed to the lips of our dear brother, the Rev. Simon Pierce, and family. Sept. 14, at his own hand upon Actle, a lovely girl of 14 years. Nov. 14th, God took Elias, 27 years in the hope and faith. Weeping we rejoice in the fact that these sainted spirits are happy in their heavenly home. Will the church pray to our heavenly Father, that he will bestow grace sufficient to comfort our beloved brother and sister in their deep affliction.
Norway, Me., Nov. 20.

J. D.

CHURCH REGISTER.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Readfield District Ministerial Association, at North Sharon, Mass., January 6 and 7.
Portland District Ministerial Association, Jan. 15.
Ministerial Association, at Monmouth Centre, Me., Jan. 18.
Dover Ministerial Association, at South Newmarket, Jan. 20, 14, 1869.
Rockland Ministerial Association, at Damariscotta, Me., Monday Evening, Jan. 18.
White Mountain Ministerial Association, Haverhill Corner, N. H., Jan. 25, 1869.

QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.
January—South Abol, 2, 3; Dana, P. M. 3; Lock's Village, 4; Blandford, 9, 10; Russell, P. M. 10; Worthington, 11; Chester, 12; Leyden, 16, 17; Barnardston, P. M. 17; Greenfield, evening, 17; Deerfield, 18; Wiscasset, 21, 22; Northampton, P. M. 21; Hallowell, evening, 21; Easthampton, 25; South Hampton, 30; Rockland, 30, 31; Shelburne Falls, P. M. 31; Coleraine, evening, 31; Heath, Feb. 1; Charlestown, 2.
February—North Amherst, 4, 7; Pelham, P. M. 7; Chispeen, 13, 14; Chispeen Falls, P. M. 14; South Hadley, evening, 18; Holyoke, 18; Wilbraham, 20, 21; Glendon, P. M. 21; South Wilbraham, evening, 21; East Longmeadow, 22; Westfield, 18, 22; Southwick, P. M. 28; West Parish, evening, 28; Westfield, 29.
March—Barnstable, 6, 7; Palmer, P. M. 7; Ludlow, evening, 7; Belchertown, 4; Enfield, 5; Springfield, 13, 14; Central Church, P. M. 14; Union St., evening, 14; Florence St., 15.
Wilbraham, Dec. 10.

D. SHERMAN, P. E.

WORCESTER DISTRICT—FOURTH QUARTER.

January—2, 3, Winchendon; 3, P. M. East Templeton; 3, evening Hubbardston; 4, Princeton; 9, 10, Ashburnham; 10, P. M. Fitchburg; 10, evening, Leominster; 16, 17, Lunenburg; 17, P. M. Townsend; 17, evening, E. Pepperell; 23, 24, Barre; 24, evening, N. Brookfield; 26, 27, E. Douglas, Whitinsville.
February—3, South Royalston; 4, Athol Depot; 6, 7, Wales; 7, P. M. Vernon; 13, 14, Brookfield; 14, P. M. W. Brookfield; 14, eve. Warren; 15, Ware; 20, Leicester; 20, P. M. Spencer; 21, evening, E. Brookfield; 27, 28, Oakdale; 28, P. M. Clinton.
March—4, Oxford; 6, 7, Milbury; 7, P. M. N. E. Village; 7, evening, Shrewsbury; 9, Cherry Valley; 10, P. M. W. Brookfield; 14, 15, Charlton; 14, P. M. Southbridge; 14, evening, Dudley; 15, Webster; 15, Webster Square; 15, 16, Worcester, Main St. East, Laurel Street, Park Street.
Dear Brethren, let all the reports required by the present Discipline be fully and promptly prepared and submitted to the Quarterly Conference in writing.
Worcester, Dec. 16, 1868.

D. DORCHES TUB.

THE KEARSARGE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will meet at East Canaan, Monday Evening, Jan. 18, and continue through Tuesday and Wednesday following.
Preaching Monday Evening, by Bro. Prescott.
Tuesday Evening, by Bro. Heath, and Wednesday Evening, by Bro. S. Quimby.

ESSAYS: Evidence of a Sanctified State—Bro. Montgomery; Difference between Regeneration and Conversion—Bro. Stuart; History of the Christian Church—Bro. B. Quimby; Sunday School Concerts—Bro. Culver; Home Evangelization—Bro. S. Quimby; "Pews or Pious Seats?"—Bro. B. W. Chase; Our Benevolent Collections, Our Duty in regard to them, and the best ways to manage them—Bro. Clark; How shall we get more people to attend Public Worship?—Bro. Taggart; The Trials and Joys of the Pastoral Work—Bro. Heath; Is there anything in the Nature of Regeneration rendering it impossible to finally fall away?—Bro. J. W. Adams; The True Conditions of Admission to the Lord's Supper—Bro. W. H. Jones.

EXERCISES: 1 Peter, III. 13-20. Bro. Kellogg; Rom. VIII. 10-23. Bro. Miller; Rom. VIII. 23-30. Bro. Kendall; Rev. XX. 4-6. Bro. Prescott; John I. 1-5. Bro. Adams.

SKETCHES: Mark, IX. 14-16. Bro. Philbrook; John I. 13-16. Bro. Williams; John I. 1-5. Bro. Rogers; John III. 14-16. Bro. Johnson. All others are invited to attend and present articles on texts and topics of their own choice.

QUESTION FOR GENERAL DISCUSSION: Is the Call to the Ministry of such a Nature as to ever justify retiring from the Work to Secular Life, while still in good standing and good health?

Dec. 10.

J. THURSTON, for the Committee.

Dec 26	46	1
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